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NOVEMBER 1973 — VOL. 86, NO. 11

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To receive MACLEAN'S regularly see subscription blank on page 14

INSIDE MACLEAN'S

"You write beautifully," read the note from *New Yorker* film critic Penelope Gilliatt. It was written many months back, on the occasion of John Hofsess' review of the film *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, which was filmed from a screenplay by Ms. Gilliatt. The note stands out not for its flattery — letters to Hofsess invariably either eulogize or threaten — but because it was one critic writing to another, something that *just isn't done*. Hofsess has also received notes from respected critics Judith Crist and Vincent Canby, as well as director Stanley Kubrick. To them, Hofsess is their ear to the Canadian movie industry, for no one writes on the topic with quite the flair, knowledge or knack for controversy that belongs to *Maclean's* film critic.

His monthly reviews have been appearing for three years. And so great has his concentration been on homegrown works that now a majority of



film makers show their latest hopes to Hofsess before any other critic. And so great is his impact as critic that one director, Gerald Potterton, actually deleted a scene from *The Rainbow Boys* because Hofsess advised him to.

His critical insight is prolific. Currently, he's finishing up what promises to be the first serious book on the fledgling Canadian film industry. He titled it *Mocking The Afflicted: A Study On Canadian Film* (new press will publish it next fall). "The afflicted is us," he explains. "We don't have any heroes or winners in our films. Most of our characters are losers on the down and out. The book will get into the reasons for this."

In the book Hofsess will also go into the motives behind his nationalistic approach to movies. "I was drawn to Canadian films because I found their quiet virtues congenial to my temperament. Moreover, I objected to the 'me too' mentality of Canadian critics whose work consisted of little more than adding footnotes to American films. I could find my own voice, develop my own vision."

Please grit your teeth, Mr. Stanfield

Superficially nothing much seems to have happened in Ottawa during the year since last fall's inconclusive general election. But on closer examination, it becomes evident that important power shifts are taking place in federal politics, though most of the trends remain obscured by the alarums of daily headlines and the chest thumping ("Me Trudeau — You Bananas") posturings of the daily question period.

Most significant, perhaps, has been the cautious emergence of the Conservatives as the only effective opposition to the government. Under David Lewis, the NDP has virtually become part of the Liberal party's administrative majority. This unwavering support for the Liberals may make the NDP dismayingly vulnerable at the polls. In the next election, if the voter wants to express his dissatisfaction with government policies he will not, strictly speaking, be able to vote NDP since that party has loyally supported most of those initiatives. Conceivably this could help the Tories capture some NDP seats by capitalizing on the mounting anti-government feeling that exists across the country. If you add the not unreasonable proposition that in Quebec the Conservatives will be able at least to double their puny total of two, you can begin to read Conservative chances.

Last time out, Trudeau won 56 of the 74 available seats in Quebec. But that was before Yvon Dupuis moved into the leadership of the provincial Social Credit (a phenomenon described in Ann Charney's article on page 28). Should Dupuis emerge as the opposition leader in Quebec after the election on October 29, he may well deliver an extra half dozen seats to Réal Caouette, his federal leader. (In 1962, the Socreds won 26 seats in Quebec under much less favorable circumstances.)

As the Liberals move toward the next election, which will likely come in the spring, they face the double dilemma of needing not only to hold onto every seat they've got but of somehow having to win two dozen extra ridings for the majority they so badly want. Most of those new seats will have to be won outside the Montreal-Ottawa-Toronto triangle which has often appeared to mark the limits of the Trudeau government's concerns. This may prove difficult since in the West, the Liberals are faced with the possibility of nothing less than decimation.

The key political question is how much Pierre Trudeau has changed since the last election. No one knows, of course, whether he will be able to adapt to the needs of campaigning on the defensive, but he certainly seems to be listening more to the advice of his ministers, MPs and his party machine under the leadership of Senator Keith Davey. Still, a year after their near defeat, the Liberals have yet to develop a credible policy program. Survival appears to be their only motivation.

The most intriguing aspect of the current Liberal style is how a government — whose every move used to be so delicately programmed you had the feeling cabinet ministers read computer printout cards instead of newspapers over their morning coffee — how such a government has, over the past year, turned itself into a troupe of disheveled vaudevillians behaving with an abandon that would have pleased the social director of the Titanic.

Out of these random soundings, it's fairly easy to come up with the conclusion that the next government in Ottawa could be another minority — this time headed by the Conservatives. That places the onus squarely on Robert Stanfield to stop generalizing, equivocating and attacking. The electorate needs to know where he stands on all the vital issues.

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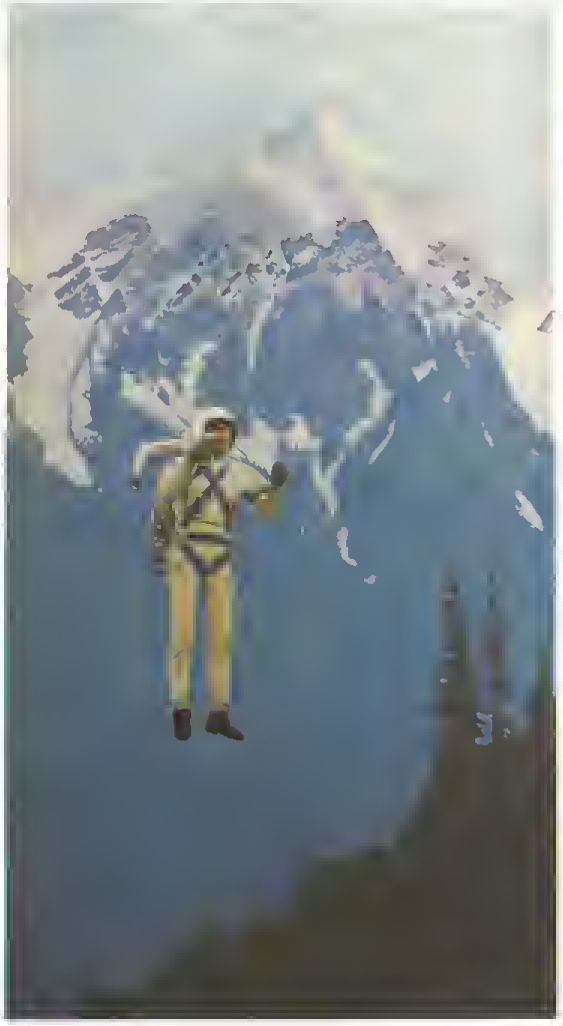
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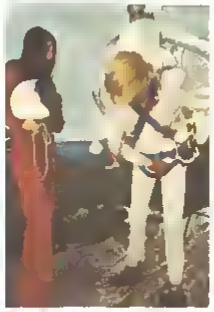
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BC/ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

A queen bee's flight from a land of drones

The problem with lotus land, you see, is those three-hour lunches. If you were ensconced in God's chosen land, a salary of $62,000 forced on you, ambrosia pressed between your lips each noon hour, a serene portrait of nature right out of a Japanese print outside your bathroom window — would you junk it all for muggy/frigid Upper Canada?

Yes, you would, says Judy LaMarsh, who absolutely lusts for the uncomfortable, acquisitive, aggressive, ulcerous rat race. Pressure she loves. Work she craves. Languorous lunch hours she despises.

And so, after a year in Vancouver, a taste of paradise all wormwood and gall on her lips, the woman who is still the best-known female politician in Canada eagerly looks forward to plunging back into the maelstrom in January as a professor at York University's Osgoode Law School, a future candidate for the House of Commons and a cabinet post, a general stirrer-upper of trouble and controversy.

It's not so much that Judy dislikes British Columbians as that she feels sorry for them in their ignorant slothfulness. "Perhaps it's my Protestant work ethic gone wild," she ponders (over lunch). "I couldn't find enough to keep me busy. God, I'd go a whole day and wonder what I'd done." A queen bee in a land of drones.

The traumatic affair of Ms. LaMarsh looking frenetically for something to do amidst the happy sluggards of Vancouver is of interest because of the perspective of a Middle Canada habitué examining the sleepy population of the Pacific coast. The woods are full of British Columbians who've made the move east and are eternally scornful of the slough of despond they find themselves in. Judy made the reverse pilgrimage and her conclusion comes out something like British Columbia *bleah*.

Her problem undoubtedly had something to do with the eye-opening switch from a life of law and politics to life in the media — with attendant groupies, bitchy personality feuds . . . and those damned lunches. Here was Judy, caught up in the insane money wars of Vancouver open-mouth radio, paid $62,000 to preside over a CKWX hot-line show for just three hours each day that ended at noon. Just in time to run into some newspaper types who'd finished a sluggardly morning and were looking for a casual three-hour respite before tearing themselves away for a sluggardly afternoon.

"The lunches fit my day's schedule. I can't work in the afternoon after all that drinking. I'd go home, putter around, read. In my law practice in Niagara Falls I might have grabbed three-quarters of an hour for lunch."

And there was that idyllic cliffside home, overlooking the Gulf of Georgia, far out along West Vancouver's rocky shoreline. "There was this great push going on about drinking and driving. I was concerned about all those curves on slippery roads. Friends from the east would come out to visit me and we'd never get back into town. I bought theatre tickets and never used them. My social life became lunch.

"Topflight people," she says, "can't stand slowness like this. Some of those who live out here can't cut the mustard." A statement of obvious heresy to those residents who feel the People's Republic of BC is the last safe oasis from which to view the rest of mankind sinking slowly into hellfire and brimstone.

She fondly remembers dinners at her Niagara Falls home where 25 or so guests would discuss music, art, politics. "To be honest, I couldn't find 25 people of like interests here. I cooked twice a month at home for gatherings like that. I haven't cooked once here. I feel zinger back east."

It is not to be suggested that the entire year was a waste for Judy, whose somewhat strident public image was belied by her purring, sexy radio voice. Her stay in Vancouver was a bit of an education in itself, as she became the most powerful spokesperson for a feminist "wolf pack" (as Jack Webster labeled it) that included provincial court judge Nancy Morrison, the first woman to preside over a BC criminal court, LaVerne Barnes, the author of *The Plastic Orgasm* who is soon to become Global TV's sports commentator, well-known reporter Simma Holt, and Lisa Hobbs, another newspaper writer and author.

Judy's devotion to the cause evolved to the stage where she confessed in a Victoria public speech that she had once carried on a romantic entanglement in Ottawa with a man 15 years younger, someone identified as an underground newspaper reporter. You've come a long way, baby, from the time you showed up at the 1968 Liberal leadership convention in miniskirt and thigh-high boots and screamed at Paul Hellyer to throw his fading votes to Robert Winters because "we can't live with that nut" — one Pierre Trudeau.

That celebrated Trudeau-LaMarsh feud, which started around the Pearson cabinet table and led to her leaving politics, has been eroded by time — and especially by the faceless Trudeau cabinet's need for a recognizable, human — if sometimes infuriating — female personality. She will be ripe for the wooing, one suspects, by the time an election comes upon us. They need her.

Osgoode came chasing out to Vancouver to sign her up for $30,000, a rather remarkable figure for a first-time academic, but Judy needs a substantial income to service the $20,000 debt still hanging on from her last controversial go-round in politics.

She's as warm and gentle in private as she can be raucous in public. She's still astounded at her continuing celebrity role and how people recognize her — "There must be millions of people, sort of fat middle-aged dark women with glasses. I'll be 49 at Christmas. I'm a people-person, not a money-scooping machine. That's why I suppose I don't have any money. I plow it back into the system."

The lunch lasted 3½ hours.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the Vancouver Sun.



A longing for the "zingier" life in the east.

PARADE

It's not so many years ago that a small daily newspaper in Ontario, the Peterborough Examiner, was thought to exemplify journalistic excellence. Politicians read it. Other Canadian papers studied it.

Such days are long gone. A recent issue reported on a bus accident and took note of the spare bus which was

dispatched "and took the uninjured to their destinies." Hopefully, the bus will be filing back yearly reports of its progress.

And the Examiner seems just as adept at rerouting America's future as it is at busing. In a rare editorial on Watergate a while back, the paper advised its readers that if Spiro Agnew were forced to resign and if Nixon were removed from office, the new president of the United States would be "an old war-horse by the name of Speaker Sam Rayburn."

Speaker Rayburn died in 1961.

POLITICS/WALTER STEWART

How to get elected without actually winning

In the last federal election, the Canadian voter turned perceptibly away from the Liberals, but not decisively toward the Tories, he showed himself to be underwhelmed by the NDP, but not ready to write that party off; his message to every one of the parties was the same: "Go back and do better." He rebuked the Liberals in Ontario, the West and (to a lesser degree) in Quebec, he gave the Tories a better showing in the West and Ontario, a marginally worse one in Quebec and the East; he rewarded the NDP marginally in western Canada, gave it a substantial boost in eastern Canada, and a tiny one in Ontario; he gave the Socreds substantial gains in Quebec, New Brunswick and Alberta, and at the same time chastised them in British Columbia.

That's what the voter did. Did the new parliament reflect those choices?

In a pig's eye. What the new House of Commons purported to show was that the Liberals own Quebec, the Tories own Alberta, the NDP nearly doubled in Ontario and is nonexistent east of that province, while the Socreds are nonexistent outside Quebec. It was the parliamentary result, and not the voting pattern, that led to all those stories about the isolation of Quebec, the alienation of Alberta and the smashing of the Liberal machine in Ontario. The parliamentary result was a fraud on the people, in fact, the Liberals got less than half the vote in Quebec (although they wound up with 76% of the seats) and one vote in every four in Alberta (where they got no seats). The Tories won just over half the vote in Alberta (although they got all the seats), and there were more NDP votes in Quebec (where they took no seats) than in Saskatchewan (where they were able to take five).

The present system, which gives the riding to whichever candidate gets the most votes locally and disregards the general pattern of voting, is not only dumb but dangerous, because it stresses the regional strains that already threaten to sunder this country. The hometown boy, the provincial chauvinist, the language nationalist are all rewarded, while the federalist works under a handicap.

The obvious solution is some form of proportional representation. The total vote in each province would be divided by the number of ridings to obtain a vote-riding ratio. In PEI, for example, there were 56,349 votes cast; that makes the vote-riding ratio 14,087. To win a riding, any party would need that number of votes, plus one. The Tories would thus be entitled to two seats, the Liberals to one, and then the fourth seat would go to the Liberals, who had the largest remainder. Such a system, applied across Canada, would not have changed the 1972 voters' obvious intent to return a minority government, but it would have given each party a much better regional balance, as the table shows.

Proportional representation would not end regionalism in Canada — geography and history made us regional, not a dumbheaded way of counting votes — but it would end a system that rewards those who play on parochialism. Most importantly, it would give us a parliament that reflects the way we vote, rather than the hoking up of that vote by a biased, clumsy, inaccurate and divisive electoral machine.

How the Commons would look under proportional representation based on 1972 vote, with the actual results in brackets.

Province	Liberals	PC's	NDP	Socreds	Others	Totals
BC	7 (4)	8 (8)	8 (11)			23
Alta.	5 (0)	11 (19)	2 (0)	1 (0)		19
Sask.	3 (1)	5 (7)	5 (5)			13
Manitoba	4 (2)	5 (8)	4 (3)			13
Ontario	34 (36)	35 (40)	19 (11)		0 (1)	88
Quebec	36 (56)	13 (2)	5 (0)	18 (15)	2 (1)	74
NB	5 (5)	5 (5)				10
NS	4 (1)	6 (10)	1 (0)			11
PEI	2 (1)	2 (3)				4
Nfld.	3 (3)	4 (4)				7
NWT-YT	1 (0)	1 (1)	0 (1)			2
Totals	104 (109)	95 (107)	44 (31)	19 (15)	2 (2)	264

This column is an adaptation from Divide and Con, a study of the Canadian voting system by Maclean's Associate Editor Walter Stewart, recently published by new press.

THE NATION/GRATTAN GRAY

A dam site better for some than for others

Along the quiet backwaters of the Sydenham river in southwest Ontario, where the loudest voices raised until recently belonged to bullfrogs and song sparrows, there rages a people vs. developer battle with most of the elements, and all of the bitterness, of similar contests in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver. It is a foretaste of things to come everywhere in Canada as farmlands face increasing pressure to rearrange themselves for the benefit of urban areas.

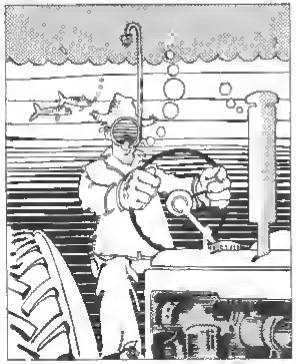
The developer in this case is the Sydenham Valley Conservation Authority (SVCA), and the development is an eight-million-dollar dam and diversion proposed to prevent recurring floods in downtown Wallaceburg (population 11,000, the metropolis of the valley). Wallaceburg is built around the joining of two branches of the Sydenham, and is a nice place to be, except in the spring. Then, it is damp. Since 1892, the town has endured floods almost every year, six of them severe.

The SVCA — a body made up of members appointed by the valley municipalities and the Ontario government — has been mulling at the problem for over a decade. The SVCA considered a number of solutions but most were turned down as being too expensive or ineffectual. Then the province passed new regulations providing generous subsidies for flood control projects which involved



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A sacrifice the Sombra farmers wouldn't make

the building of a dam. Not surprisingly, the SVCA concluded that the solution to Wallaceburg's flooding was a dam, and it hired the M. M. Dillon engineering company of Toronto — which had been involved in the planning stages of several of the other projects — to work up something with a dam in it.

Accordingly, the Dillon company produced a proposal for a dam, with a diversion channel just above it, to be placed in Sombra township, upstream from Wallaceburg. Now, when flood waters came down the Sydenham, they could be turned aside into the St. Clair river, which joins Lake Huron and Lake St. Clair. One hitch in the scheme was that the authority would have to buy some 2,000 acres of farmland, some of it scrub, but some of it prime growing land, another flaw was that while the flooding in Wallaceburg might be curtailed, that in Sombra would not. Indeed, with the water level raised by the dam, it might well be worse. These were sacrifices which the people of Wallaceburg were willing to allow the people of Sombra to make, the proposal was approved by the SVCA, and vigorously championed by H. C. "Pard" (for "Pardner") Martin, a blocky Wallaceburg businessman who is a government-appointed member of the SVCA water control board.

The scheme was bound for glory when two things happened. The first was that the Wallaceburg weekly paper, *Courier Press*, tried to prepare the ground for the dam with a special four-page insert. This was written by Gary O'Flynn, the portly, moustached publisher of the paper, who laid it on with a trowel. He accused the farmers of Sombra, who knew nothing of the proposal, of failing to hear the hammer-knocks of progress, he pictured a recreational haven along the dammed-up Sydenham, complete with "miles and miles of sandy beaches," blue water from the St. Clair river flowing through the fields, and happy farmers coining cash by selling "hamburgs to boaters." The only way to get sand along the clay-banked Sydenham at Sombra is by truck, the only way to get blue water up there is to reverse either the St. Clair river or the Great Lakes. Since the insert appeared to carry the official stamp of the SVCA (readers were invited to write there for extra copies), O'Flynn's prose convinced the local farmers that they were about to lose their lands to a body that didn't know clay from sand, or which way water flows. They were aghast, and a group of Sombra area residents began to organize.

The second thing that happened was Mary Sauve. Pard Martin of the SVCA complains that "Mary Sauve is so damn pretty, people sympathize with her." She is a professional singer (under the name Mary Michaels), and she is indeed pretty, and very angry. Mary and her husband, Bob, a design engineer who commutes from Detroit, 60 miles away, came to Sombra three years ago to settle down on a 50-acre farm, get away from city problems and watch water lilies grow. When they learned that they were about to lose the farmhouse they are still building and much of their land, they could not be soothed, not even by the prospect of being able to sell "hamburgs to boaters."

The Sauves joined forces with the upset farmers to form a group called Save Our Sydenham, and proceeded to make life hell for duly constituted authority with petitions, public meetings, door-to-door campaigns, letters to the editor and other weapons of unrest. The *Courier Press* even printed one of Mrs. Sauve's letters. "She used my own words to make me look like a fool," said publisher O'Flynn. "Never again."

The original game plan called for the approval of the three townships involved — two of which, Wallaceburg and Chatham, would be the chief beneficiaries of flood control, and one of which, Sombra, would get the new flooding — but the SOS campaign made Sombra's approval unlikely. The protestors had a petition signed by 1,048 of the township's 4,108 residents, objecting to the dam. So, the SVCA got approval from Chatham and Wallaceburg — but not from Sombra — to go ahead with preliminary dam studies. "In any case," Pard Martin told me, "we have two out of the three approvals." (The hangman and judge, having decreed the death sentence, thought it superfluous to consult the prisoner.)

There the matter rests, with the SVCA determined to push the dam through, and the SOS determined to block it. The quiet evening air that once knew the hum of the mosquito and the buzz of the nighthawk is rank with charge and countercharge, as Pard Martin calls the Sauves "outside agitators" and they call him "dictator." Meanwhile, of course, the river system is gathering itself for next spring's flood.

Students of political science will note that the hassle might have been avoided had the Sombra farmers been consulted before the plans to flood their lands were laid, rather than after, but Pard Martin says he told the reeve of Sombra Township what was up and "What more do you want?" They will also note that, to date, the developer and developees have never yet sat down calmly to discuss their mutual needs.

In fact, except for the kibitzing bullfrogs, the whole scenario might have been played in any great city in Canada.

WELFARE/SHELDON GORDON

Putting a price on the work ethic

Is a guaranteed annual income, as its detractors say, really only an invitation to guaranteed annual idleness? A dangerous threat to what is left of our work ethic? Or is it an incentive that can be used to lift the jobless poor out of squalor and back onto the work market. Early next year, the Manitoba government begins a five-year experiment that may provide some of the answers.

Many social planners in Canada hope the Manitoba experiment will prove the value of the guaranteed annual income as a weapon in a countrywide war on poverty. But the cautious NDP government of Premier Ed Schreyer is not mobilizing for a war; the experiment is more of a minor skirmish, confined to one rural community and several hundred carefully selected Winnipeggers.

The Winnipeg experiment in particular will be aimed at finding out

Sheldon Gordon is a Winnipeg-born free-lance writer.



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Schreyer must look for a delicate balance

what types of individuals become more, or less, work-prone when guaranteed monthly cheques are added to their wages. Participants will be selected by computer, in a kind of social welfare lottery, and project organizers will then study individuals and families to find out how their attitudes and lifestyles change.

Ron Hikel, a University of Winnipeg political scientist selected to direct the project, has no doubts that some form of income supplement is needed, threat to the work ethic or not. "Some people are neither poor enough for welfare, old enough for a pension, nor eligible for veterans' allowances — yet they need help. Under the GAI, there will be more equity — and without the stigma that is attached to the present programs."

The principal aim of the rural experiment is to find out how a guaranteed annual income affects the life and economy of a community. Hikel is looking for a community that is a microcosm of Manitoba in ethnic composition, income levels and types of economic activity. In this way, when all the results are in, they can be projected across all the province and the planners can have some confidence that they are valid.

The GAI administrators will spend the last two years of the program phasing out payments and examining their overall impact throughout the community. Do GAI payments push up wages, prices and rents? Do they increase demand for housing and social services? And do they help marginal farmers remain on the land?

If there's a correlation between GAI payments and human sexual response that will doubtless be discovered, too.

GAI will work like a monthly tax refund varying with the size of the family and its income. People with no income at all will receive monthly cheques for the full guaranteed amount, which is still to be decided by the Manitoba government. The working poor will receive supplements to bring their incomes up to the GAI level. If their private income increases, the subsidies will be progressively reduced until, ultimately, they stop.

It is here that the Manitoba government must strike a delicate balance. Cut the subsidies too drastically as a worker's income goes up and there is little incentive for him to try for higher wages. Cut them too little and the cost of the program becomes excessive and it's likely to create an angry backlash from those just above the GAI line.

Manitoba plans to deduct 70 cents from its GAI payments for every dollar the recipient earns on the job. So, if the GAI is set at $300 for a family of four and the family has no income at all at the time the program begins, its outside income would be allowed to go up to almost $430 a month before the GAI payments would be cut off entirely.

Results of the GAI experiment will be made public once analyzed. But the public's verdict on its success or failure will depend on the public's values. In a New Jersey experiment, for example, the GAI cheques cut the total number of hours worked by the participating families, because many "secondary wage earners" (male chauvinese for wives) quit the job market. Whether that experiment succeeded or flopped is a judgment an MCP and a Women's Libber might disagree on.

Even if public reaction is favorable in Manitoba, Hikel doubts that the GAI will be broadened to cover the whole province until Ottawa introduces the scheme nationally. Federal policy, he believes, is now headed in that direction.

But what if the GAI fails to lick poverty, proves too costly, or creates a new crop of "welfare bums." Public policy, Hikel suspects, would switch from guaranteed alms for the poor to guaranteed jobs — with governments becoming employers of last resort.

That might do homage to the work ethic, but it is hardly the answer for people who *cannot* work.

PARADE

Rock 'n' roll took less than 20 years to evolve from Elvis Presley's suggestive pelvis to Alice Cooper. But if anynne's ever going to npstage Alice, they're going to have to contend with an act that betters ripping apart live chickens on stage, plunging pitchforks into piles of naked dolls, straitjackets, live boa constrictors and realistic knife fights. And the stage props are quite unlikely to one-up Alice's full-size gallows (from which he hangs himself), a genuine guillotine (which he "toys" with during the act) and a homemade electric chair (on which he occasinnally burns himself).

He calls it "creative decadence." Rock 'n' rouge.

And it sells. This past summer the group, also known as Alice Cooper, made Canadian history. They became the first recording artists ever to have four albums in a row exceed 100,000 in sales. In this country record companies get excited enough by sales over 50,000 in present gold records; now here was Alice Cooper in line for four "platinum" records, signifying something far, far more amazing.

On September 7 the group gathered in the ballroom of Toronto's posh Hyatt Regency Hotel for the presentation. The recording industry heavies were there, the big shots at Warner Brothers, Alice's agent Skep Gordon (who also manages, nf all penple, Anne Murray), and Alice himself, turned out in sleazy leather jacket, track shoes (legend has it he once won a 26-mile marathoo race) and shnrts cut so short that the pockets flapped out from below the cutoff point. Oh yes, there was also the Alice Cooper signature — a can of Budweiser beer in the hand and a box of cool ones on the sidelines.

Here was Alice Cooper, the celebrated king of what Time magazine called Grand Guignol Rock, the court jester of what they still call "the drug generation." A boozer. He had carried 30 cases of Budweiser through customs for his week in Toronto.

What did Alice like best about being in Canada?

"Seagram's V.O. I used to down two bottles a day before I turned on to 'Bud.'"

And what did Alice like least?

"Sundays. You just can't find a drink . . ."



Alice: Cashing in on 'creative decadence'

Let them eat words

June Callwood's article on the Royal tour — *Liz Windsor Superstar* (September) — while unbearably coy in places, was certainly good reading nonetheless. You are to be commended for giving the Royal tour the prominence it merited.

I reject, however, two of the article's underlying assumptions: that "Liz Windsor" reawakened something that had been forgotten in Canada, and that the final layer of Miss Callwood's metaphorical egg is impenetrable. Although most Canadians do not feel it necessary to proclaim our allegiances and shout our loyalties from the rooftops on a daily basis, we quietly thank God every day for the stable, democratic parliamentary and social institutions Canada possesses, which are guaranteed by the Crown. Our Queen's triumphant progress through her Dominion "reawakened" nothing for most of us. How could we ever forget something which, as Senator Forsey puts it, is "flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone"?

The inner shell, hidden from Miss Callwood and to much of the self-appointed "relevant" press, is a clear call and triumphal acquiescence to *duty*. As our Sovereign sacrifices her privacy and pleasures, so must we learn to give up ourselves to making Canada what she would like it to be.

Watergate reminds Canadians to hold fast to our viable traditions, and remain, in the poet's words, "a land where kings may be beloved, and monarchy teach republics how they may be free." Our gracious Queen is the emblem of our citizenship and the torch of our freedom.

JOHN AIMERS, DOMINION PUBLIC RELATIONS CHAIRMAN, THE MONARCHIST LEAGUE OF CANADA, OTTAWA

Your article *Liz Windsor Superstar* by June Callwood (September) was a disgrace. Our Queen has not an expressionless face; she has great charm and is a very gracious lady. God save our gracious Queen of Canada and her fine family from the turncoats!

MARION HAMILTON, VANCOUVER

What a contrast between the excellent photographic coverage by John de Visser and the "reporting" of the Royal tour by June Callwood — *Liz Windsor Superstar* (September)!

Your cover picture must be one of the most beautiful ever taken of Her Majesty. The accompanying photos tell far better than words what a wonderful visit this was. June Callwood should drop her catchy phrases which seem to be her trademark these days. Her cheap and sarcastic reporting belongs in a movie magazine not in Canada's National Magazine.

MARY WALKER, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

June Callwood's article *Liz Windsor Superstar* (September) is a truly great documentary account of an important Royal visit. She combines and exhibits every facet of attitude, reaction and implication relating to this event in a succinct, spellbinding manner. Never have I read such a comprehensive report. Thank you, June Callwood.

LOIS M. BURGESS, OTTAWA

I am writing to voice my disgust regarding an article in the September issue of your magazine written by June Callwood and entitled *Liz Windsor Superstar*. I think the title of this article could not have been chosen by anyone with the least bit of good taste, and I would like you to inform June Callwood that Queen Elizabeth II is always and will always be known as Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. She has never aimed at being a superstar, only at being a queen in the true sense, a queen who loves her subjects and who gives her whole life for the good of her people. A queen who deserves the respect of the people of Canada.

MISS GRACE E. GEORGE, WINNIPEG

I agree with June Callwood's *Liz Windsor Superstar* (September) but only in that it is possible with the best PR people in the world working on her behalf. It seems absolutely naïve for you to suggest that the current Royal tour represents a rebirth of monarchy in Canada. Quite frankly, as a fourth generation Canadian approaching middle age, I am sick of the whole phony deal. I am from "middle Canada" and the only support I can see for the Queen is from weak politicians, the elderly, recent English immigrants and the Brownies.

JOHN ROSS, TORONTO

In the introduction to her Royal tour story — *Inside Maclean's* (September) — June Callwood recounts the anecdote of the flag-waving tribute to the Queen by the National Press Corps, when the Québécois reporters to a man chose Union Jacks ("her flag") rather than the Canadian flag.

Miss Callwood seems to think this showed some kind of "fondness." What it demonstrated — subtly but effectively — was that for the Quebeckers, the Queen isn't their queen, and Canada isn't their country.

JOHN C. WARD, MONTREAL

Still hope for Canada?

Two contributions in the September issue of *Maclean's* did not sit well together. Creighton's superb treatment of a subject of vital national concern — *Is Canada more that we can hope for?* — done with Creighton's characteristic urbanity and masterly distinction, and June Callwood's cynically derisive caricature of the recent Royal visit to Canada — *Liz Windsor Superstar* — done with incredibly bad taste and the journalist's flair for the sensational. Any writer, who, even indirectly, wishes to popularize the American brand of republicanism should first learn to speak the truth.

ROY S. FOLEY, TORONTO

One might have hoped that a historian of Donald Creighton's stature could have produced a more profound assessment of the Canadian situation — *Is Canada more than we can hope for?* (September). It is fashionable, of course, to sound the retreat for economic growth and technological expansion. Perhaps this

continued on page 18

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fashion even produces a catharsis of sorts — particularly for Canadians. Things are bad here (at least according to Creighton) but our guilt is nothing compared to that of our next-door neighbors. Donald Creighton, surveying his Canadian halo, appears to forget that even the fashionable condemnation of "voracious industrial systems" and "greedy appetites for luxurious living" began south of the border. The spectacle of a Canadian historian, using Canadian resources (paper) to propagate a fashion invented in the U.S. all the while subverting it to the purpose of condemning the citizens of that country, is hardly inspiring.

BENT STIDSEN, PHD, McMASTER UNIVERSITY, HAMILTON, ONT.

Our missing person

The great Canoe Lake mystery by Roy MacGregor (September) was the best article on the Tom Thomson story I've read over the years because of its high potential of the factual.

It was also unexpectedly timely for Theatre Research Associates which is nearing completion of plans for a Gallery of Missing Persons. TRA established the first studio here for wax figure sculpture. The Tom Thomson case was considered but earlier information was both conflicting and vague. The article settled that.

JAMES A. COWAN, TORONTO

I just couldn't resist letting you know how much I enjoyed *The great Canoe Lake mystery* by Roy MacGregor in the September edition of *Maclean's*. The article was a delight to read and the author's personal involvement made it even more fascinating. Hopefully, I will expect to see more such writing in the future.

MRS. GLADYS M. WESTERN, CHIEF LIBRARIAN, GRIMSBY PUBLIC LIBRARY, GRIMSBY, ONT.

Attila's lost in Asia

Ray Smith's article, *Finding Yourself* (September), manages both to enlighten the reader on the problems of adjustment to post-marital bachelorhood — and to perplex him with its curious metaphors drawn from little-known episodes in world history. So may I please enquire: (1) which Central Asian village could Attila the Hun possibly have passed through in the course of campaigns conducted exclusively in France, Germany and the Balkans, and (2) who were these Chinese that allegedly marched endlessly six abreast over the cliff, and when and where did they do so?

continued on page 20



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KEITH SCOTT, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN, SASKATOON

Merciful Heavens, Ray Smith — *Finding yourself* (September). If there's anything I can't stand it's a woman who leaves a man with a dirty apartment. Could you not have whipped that woman into some kind of domestic shape when she lived with you?

But your point is well taken. Housework *is* numbing. But you seem to be learning quickly. Keep up the good work and someday, someone witty, intelligent, sane, well-read and hopefully attractive will ask for your work-roughened hand (and your housemaid's knees) in marriage. I can't help but think you'd make that lucky person an excellent wife.

MRS. LORNA DREW, FREDERICTON, NB

On guard for Lester

When I read the opening paragraph of Heather Robertson's critique of *First Person Singular — The Pearson Saga remaking Mike* (September) — I was so shocked I could scarcely believe my eyes. However, I read bravely on. Eventually I came to these lines "they provide little peephotes into the past . . . [which] most Canadians are too young to remember."

Ah, there's the rub. Heather Robertson is too young to remember, too young to have any perspective, too young (or tone deaf) to have noticed the excellent music composed especially for this series, too young to have studied modern history, and too young to have her balderdash published in a good magazine.

JOY STRICKLAND, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

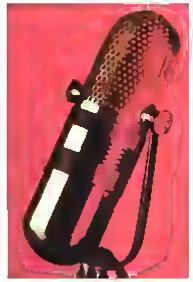
Heather Robertson's jaundiced, ill-tempered review of the CBC series on the Pearson years, *First Person Singular — The Pearson Saga remaking Mike* (September) — seems to me to overstep the bounds of good, clean journalistic fun and games. It deliberately distorts the obvious intent of the series, suppresses part of the evidence to support her distortion, and offends against standards of good taste by adopting a belittling tone on a Canadian of national stature who is now in his grave.

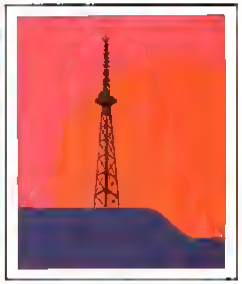
References to Pearson's "bow tie, hisp and aging baby face . . ." as he

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played ". . . parliamentary fool to Diefenbaker's Lear . . ." effectively establishes this offensive tone in Robertson's opening paragraph. More significant is her gratuitous insult to the memory of a deceased statesman in her repeated hints that the TV series was shrewdly planned by Pearson himself as a smart coup to reestablish his political reputation and popularity with Canadians and with posterity. If that were so, he would hardly have omitted the thought-provoking analyses of critical events in his career as diplomat and political party leader for which she faults the entire TV series, conveniently forgetting that, as its title clearly indicates, the producers thought of it as a projection of the engaging, modest, very human Pearson personality, and not at all as the major contribution to history which Robertson argues it ought to have been. Is it not obvious that Pearson himself saw that as a major purpose of his three volumes of autobiography, only one of which has so far appeared?

JAMES M. PATON, TORONTO

Mr. Joyce swims alone

My argument with John Hofsess' *The emergence of Claude Jutra* (August) isn't really with his evaluation of the film *Kamouraska* (I have not seen it). I did wonder, though, that nobody at *Maclean's* had a thought about letting him get away with the suggestion — no indeed, the *affirmation* — that Anne Hébert's stream-of-consciousness technique in her novel *Kamouraska* is " . . . the most successful use of the style since James Joyce's *Ulysses*." Just like that. Without expansion? Without argument? Without evidence? Without, as far as I can see, any inkling of the kind of literary background required even to submit the opinion? How could you?

URJO KAREDA, TORONTO

Don't count us all out

Maclean's is doing a good job in supporting Canadian nationalism. Many of us here applaud your efforts. Americans are not all money-grabbing exploiters. Most of us would prefer a truly independent and stable Canada, based on what Canadians want their country to be.

ROLAND L. GUYOTTE JR., ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO *Maclean's* MAGAZINE, *Your View*, 481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7.

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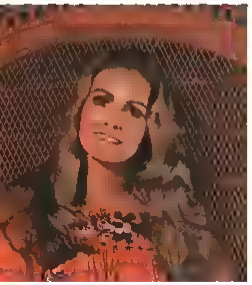
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SCHICK SPEED STYLERS — "Every busy, long haired lady has been waiting for the new Lady Schick Speed Styler. It dries and styles my long hair in just minutes. It's even got spray mist for quick touchups. Ask for model 332. There's one for men in rich browns. It's called model 331."

SCHICK STYLING DRYERS — "These are the stylers that gave everyone the courage to grow more hair. The right price with professional features too! His comes in black — model 336 or in blue for her — model 338. I give my globe trotting friends the dual voltage version — model 334. There's even a budget priced hair dryer version called The Whirlwind or model 330."

SCHICK HAIR DRYERS — "They started the home hair care thing and still outsell the rest. The only problem is which Schick to pick. The super-fast new Schick Time Machine is years ahead of the rest drying the longest hair in minutes. It's model 2001. She's probably had her eye on a Schick Beauty Salon for a long time. And it won't break your budget. It sets wet or dry hair in just 20 minutes while beautifying mist helps damaged hair and speeds colouring. Even lets her dry wigs. Ask for model 320 or model 321 with remote control.

If you simply want to get her out of curlers quickly give her the Capri model 315. Its got everything she needs at an even better price. "The Lady Schick Styler Dryer model 327 is perfect for active swingers and young families too! It's a unique floating bonnet dryer and a complete styling dryer in one compact carrying case. The pretty teens on my list are naturals for the model 325 Totem Dry.

SCHICK HAIR CURLERS — "Nothing curls my hair as fast as the Lady Schick Lasting Curls System. The special balsam formula spray and the beautifying mist work together for a longer lasting curl and a fuller set, and the specially designed rollers come in three sizes to handle any hair style. The model shown is 75LC."

SCHICK FACIAL SAUNA — "A luxurious must for any urban or cosmetic using woman. It deep-cleans skin with beautifying mist. Three temperature settings and a breathing comfort control dial make it a pleasure to use every day. Model 60B".

LADY SCHICK SHAVERS — "More women use them simply because they make more sense. The new Shaving Wand, model X10 is typical. Its nifty little brushes lift her softer hair up into the blades for a closer, faster, more comfortable shave. There's also the Lady Schick Crown Jewel model 110 and the Lady Schick Caprice model 106".

SCHICK MEN'S SHAVERS — "Schick has an electric shaver that's even converting die hard blade men. The new Schick Flexamatics have a soft nickel microthin foil head that shaves blade close without irritation. Of course, Flexamatics come with everything else worth having on a shaver but the fact that most dealers are offering a 14 day money back home trial means they must be making men happy or they couldn't afford such an offer. If you really want to please a travelling man ask for model 900 worldwide cordless or the dual voltage model 400. There's also a budget priced model 300".

"See what I mean? And there's still a lot of beautiful ideas from Schick. I haven't talked about. It isn't just making my shopping easy that pleases me. Schick's only business is good grooming so they have to do it better and it shows in products that work better, and last longer. I don't know how you add up value for money but that's the real test as far as I'm concerned. I went to give pleasure, not problems in any gift. Schick is the beautiful way to do it".



SCHICK

The beautiful way to look beautiful.



For people with a taste for something better.

Warning: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.

Maclean's

Meet the McCains of New Brunswick

Great Families of Canada: first of a series



The dynasty that processed spuds into a $100-million empire. By Harry Bruce

If you cross to the western riverbank on the covered bridge at Florenceville, New Brunswick, you'll find the road winds higher and higher for a couple of hundred yards, and then you cut left and higher still and, now, you're up in the hills, driving south on a highway that's unmarked but that everyone in these parts knows as River View Drive, and the view of the river makes you want to give up hurrying for ever. The McCains own a lot of the view. They live up here, and so do most of their top hands. They're the Texas cattle kings of big-time agribusiness in modern New Brunswick. Their line is potatoes.

The companies that the McCain boys own process 250,000 pounds of potatoes *every hour* of your life. Somewhere in the world, every second of the day and night, McCain plants are cooking up potatoes, freezing them, sending them out to accompany finger-lickin' this or finger-lickin' that in a billion cardboard boxes for people who talk a dozen different languages (often with their mouths full). McCain Foods Limited sells a range of green vegetables and juicy desserts as well, but the base of the empire remains the sturdy New Brunswick potato. "French fries," says Arch McLean, McCain's latest marketing chief, "French fries are still the name of the game."

McCain Foods Limited is scarcely 16 years old and yet, in the fiscal year ended last June, it — and the companies it has spawned and bought — did business totaling $85 million. Since there are other profitable McCain enterprises that are outside the operational control of McCain Foods, you would not be far wrong if you were to say that the McCain family has carved out of this supposedly sluggish and underprivileged part of Canada, has *dug* out of backwoods New Brunswick, a $100-million-a-year multi-national conglomerate that competes brilliantly in North, South and Central America, the United Kingdom, Europe, Australia and South Africa.

The empire includes not only the massive food-processing operations, not only the traditional family business of exporting seed and table potatoes — this older firm, McCain Produce Co. Ltd., is now the biggest potato exporter in Canada — but also companies that own thousands of acres of growing land in both New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, a fertilizer company, a cold-storage company, a company that makes potato-harvesting equipment and front-end loaders for sale around the world, the biggest trucking company in east-coast Canada, trading companies, a beef cattle ranch, a dairy cattle ranch and, more than likely, other interests that few people other than the McCains themselves know anything about.

The companies all work to the benefit of the McCain family, and, of course, to the benefit of their 3,000 employees and the economy of the valley. But the assorted parts of the group also work to the benefit of one another in a way that keeps the whole snowball hurtling along very nicely indeed. Example: McCain Foods buys potatoes from McCain Produce and that might be good for both of them. McCain Foods and McCain Produce also buy potatoes from hundreds of local farmers. The farmer must sell his potatoes. It might just occur to him that, if he wants to be 100% sure of a market, he'd be wise to buy his fertilizer and his harvesting machinery from the McCain group. Another example: McCain beef cattle eat McCain potato waste.

McCain Foods employs agricultural technicians with walkie-talkie radios in field operations out in the potato country. In everything it does to promote its own well-being — whether it be investigating some local potato company it might just buy up and then close down, leaning on a federal Liberal government to gain a DREE grant, leaning on a provincial Tory government to gain a low-cost loan, fighting charges of dumping potatoes on the State of Maine, lobbying for a change in trucking legislation, or developing a new piece of potato-harvesting equipment — in everything it does, McCain Foods is notorious for a combination of shrewdness, determination and military efficiency.

Florenceville is grateful for the McCain success story, and proud of it, too, but no family that rises so far in so short a time in so tiny a community can escape a certain amount of sour opinion. "You're looking for the McCain boys?" a man asks. "Don't you mean 'the Skinner brothers'?"

The care and feeding of the empire impose on some of the McCain boys a terrific travel burden. (McCain Foods owns a Mitsubishi MU-2 turboprop aircraft, a Piper Aztec, and its own hangar and airport at Florenceville.) Wallace McCain says that for years he's been on the road anywhere from a third to a half of all his time. If you arrive in Florenceville, looking for a McCain, you might find that Wallace is in Toronto or New York, Harrison McCain is in the Netherlands or Australia, Andrew's in Uruguay or Greece. Bob may just be in town.

The family, the *whole* family, still calls Florenceville home and, as you move south on River View Drive, the St. John River Valley slides along below your left and eastern elbow, like a huntsman's dream, the voluptuous fields and the wooded hills fade to the sky for miles, and, close at hand, on both sides of your car, there are these houses, modern mansions really, and it's doubtful if any dwellings anywhere in Canada speak so eloquently of New Wealth. One has great white pillars out front, as though its owner had never recovered from a love affair with *Gone With The Wind*.

Surely, you think, these houses do not belong here. They must be foreigners. Torontonians maybe. It must have cost a dozen fortunes to pluck them off the tame lawns of Toronto's superaffluent Bayview Village and set them down here so that their Importance can observe the river and, each morning of another profitable day, can greet the sun as it rises over tens of thousands of acres of potato fields.

In this country of older painted wood, of slim pickings for so many and dead cars in the pastureland, of Alpine beer cartons on the shoulders of back roads, of bony-faced potato growers and rare good times at the Legion . . . in this country of hovering wilderness where it is said, the Eastern Panther still haunts the forest gloom, where men have been planting potatoes for South Americans since Queen Victoria was happy . . . in this country, the swimming pools, the lavish architectural pretensions, the gleaming white newness of the places where the McCain boys now house their wives and many children, these appear as their Baptist father might have looked if he'd ever found himself in the local drunk tank. Distinctly out of place.

No appearance could be more deceiving. For no family anywhere could possibly be more *in* place than the McCains are on River View Drive, and their homes, no matter how they might offend some presumptuous stranger's delicate eye for the historical mood of the valley, belong up here as surely as God made big, white spuds. The *rightness* of their location is not simply a matter of the McCains' being able to see from their windows the steam and smoke and far bustle of the plant where the big money began.

Rather, it's that there have been McCains in the neighborhood since before the road itself was here, since the reign of King George IV (he died June 26, 1830). One of the first places on your right, as you start up River View, is a white farmhouse with pink and blue trim. It's empty now and — who knows? — perhaps haunted. Until a few years ago, two old aunts of the McCain boys lived here.

Back in the time of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, this was the home of the late Andrew McCain — the father of these McCains, of Marie, Andrew, Robert, Eleanor, Harrison and Wallace — but that was long before he'd even met their mother. She's still worth meeting. Just continue south on River View a spell, only this time keep an eye peeled for a good, old, solid, bright, white farmhouse on the left side of the road. It's opposite the little church and it, at least, has a no-nonsense air about it.

Andrew Sr. brought his bride to this house 55 years ago, and she's been here ever since. Mrs. Andrew McCain, born Laura Blanche Perley in October of / *continued on page 90*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS

Laura McCain is the matriarch, the central character of the clan. That's her in the checked coat, surrounded by her family in a rare moment of reunion. Today the McCains control a $100-million multinational agricultural conglomerate in New Brunswick. It started with potatoes and grew from there, but French fries are still the name of the game.



Yvon Dupuis Reincarnate

BY ANN CHARNEY

What drives the man who drives the Quebec Créditistes?

Until recently, Quebec provincial politics was dominated by the growing conflict between two sharply defined forces. The confrontation was almost classic in its simplicity, two visions of the future in stark opposition to one another, mutually exclusive – and apparently set on a collision course for the next election. The Liberals, led by Quebec's reserved patrician premier, Robert Bourassa, were committed to what they called "profitable federalism" a strong Quebec *within* Confederation, the security of continuity. The Parti Québecois, under the compelling leadership of René Lévesque, offered the prospect of separation from the rest of Canada, nationhood, independence. Federalism or separatism: until that issue was settled, it seemed there would never again be any other way to vote.

Now, suddenly, a third contender for power has elbowed his way in between the two adversaries, upsetting the nervous balance between them, and causing Quebec voters to step back and have another look. Yvon Dupuis, once a federal Liberal cabinet minister, has been reborn as leader of the Quebec wing of the Social Credit Party. And from him the Parti Créditiste (until recently Ralliement des Créditistes), a second federalist force, has drawn new vitality. Since Dupuis' election as leader in February of this year, the party has been stridently selling itself as the only viable choice for those who are discontented with the Liberal regime, but shrink from following Lévesque into the uncharted promises and perils of a separate socialist Quebec. Traditionally a right-wing protest movement sustained almost exclusively by the impoverished heartland of rural Quebec, the Créditistes are now making a determined bid for urban and middle-class support. For the first time in its history in Quebec, the party is being considered a serious alternative for the government of the province.

It seems appropriate that my first meeting with the Créditistes takes place far from the big city. The occasion is a sugaring-off party being given by the Ralliement in the Eastern Townships in honor of their newly elected leader.

I arrive early at the Chalet des Erables, near Birchton, where the party is being held. The chalet turns out to be two barn-like buildings, a restaurant where tables have been set up for the evening banquet, and a café-dance hall. Both are almost empty. In the far end of the dance hall an all-girl rock band is tuning up. They are advertised as "La famille Marticotte – noces, showers, spectacles." As the first guests arrive, the Marticotte sisters break into a vigorous rendition of *Never On Sunday*.

Outside, new arrivals greet each other with enthusiasm and back slapping. There are a few strangers, but most of the crowd mingles with an easy familiarity that comes from years of common attendance at weddings, baptisms, funeral parties, church socials and Saturday-night bingo games.

The focal point for the crowd is a large truck with a loudspeaker system mounted on the cab. The sign on the side of the truck reads "Meubles-Henri Latulippe-2ième étage-25 Frontenac." Henri Latulippe is the federal Créditiste representative from this area. His son, Paul André, who is on the truck trying out the sound system, is a Créditiste Deputy to the Quebec National Assembly. In Quebec, perhaps more than elsewhere, politics is a family business to be handed down from father to son.

The Latulippes greet everyone by name. Young Latulippe is finally satisfied with the loudspeaker and turns it up full blast as he flips on a rock station. The brutal rhythm of the music shatters the country quiet and the older people look up at the truck with an air of bewilderment. But Latulippe is already immersed in his next task as he helps his wife and her young friends put up posters and directional arrows.

One of these friends, Mme Tony Langelier, represents the new sort of people who have followed Dupuis into Social Credit. She is attractive, fashionably dressed, and has a public relations job in Montreal. Her family numbers some Parti Québécois supporters, but no Créditistes until recently.

"I used to think the Créditistes were a joke," she confides with a giggle. "you know, old-fashioned funny types. But that's all changing because of Yvon Dupuis. He's going to make this into a real party. Lots of people I know are leaving the other parties and coming over to our side. They're changing the whole tone of the Ralliement. It's becoming modern."

Certainly in her palazzo pants, her thick artificial eyelashes and her blue bowler, Mme Langelier has single-handedly affected the tone of this gathering. The older farmers look at her as if she were some exotic bird who has unaccountably settled for a moment in their midst.

Romeo Cousteau has been a Créditiste since 1940, when the movement in Quebec was still known as the Union des Electeurs. Like most people in the movement, he began with the traditional parties, "les rouges et les bleus," and left them in disappointment and frustration. Social Credit brought him into contact with men who hated socialism and who believed in the things he cherished – an attachment to the land, large families, French-Canadian culture, language and religion.

"Our young are being brainwashed. The teachers in the CEGEPs are all Péquistes. The newspapers are against us. You know, the trouble with our party has always been that our people are too sincere, too straight to succeed in politics. But with Dupuis, this is all beginning to change. At last we're being taken seriously, and even the young are beginning to come over to our side."

I look around me and wonder aloud why there are so few young people in attendance. Cousteau throws up his arms. "What do you expect? It's the hockey. Don't you know the play-offs are on this afternoon?"

We are interrupted by the arrival of a strange cortège. A small bus has pulled up in front of the dance hall, and one by one its occupants are being carried inside in wheelchairs or supported in their spastic movements. They come from a home in Sherbrooke run by nuns, and the Créditistes have organized this outing for them. As they are carried or helped into the dance hall, they pass a table where Créditiste literature and membership cards are sold. A few of them sign up. I follow them inside and discover among the pamphlets copies of extracts from *The Protocols Of The Elders Of Zion*, a notorious anti-semitic tract. A pleasant grey-haired lady sells it good naturedly, as though she

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PRIMER TO THE NEW HOCKEY

BY ROY MacGREGOR

The logistics of expansion or how to stop worrying about all those obscure new teams

When you're nine you can hold your shin pads on with rubber sealers from preserving jars. You're so small they call the league you play in "squirt," but you think big when it comes to winning. You had to in 1957, especially when you battled Parry Sound and a nine-year-old myth called Bobby Orr.

Our coach held the only hope of getting us up for such a game. After all, we'd *heard* of Orr, and Parry "Hoot" — as we called it — did have a reputation for toughness, particularly when they played the smaller towns in the area, towns like Huntsville. But Coach Mye Sedore wasn't about to throw in any chicken towel. When the official scorecard came over from the Parry Sound Brunswicks' dressing room for the Huntsville Doctors to sign alongside their numbers — so the scorer would know whom to credit with what — Coach Sedore grabbed it and held it up, over his head.

"I want you to take a good long look at the name beside number four. That's Bobby Orr, and you've all heard of him. But I want you to see for yourselves what you've been worrying about. Look at the way he signs his name! Are you going to tell me we can't beat a guy that signs his name like *that*?" And the coach handed the card around, from left to right, letting us digest the nervous signature, the unclosed B and the O like a broken football.

Halfway through the first period we were still alive, and gaining confidence. But a puck that one of our defensemen had labeled for me, a left-winger loafing near the blue line, caromed off my stick to Orr, standing just inside our zone. And he did something no other player in our league had ever attempted. *He hoisted the puck.* It left his stick, sailing and wobbling, rising and floating in from the blue line, up over our heads, drifting in slow motion down from the lights, over our goalie's shoulder and into the net. Our goalie stood frozen, like the rest of us. He hadn't thought even to use his catching glove, he hadn't much before. The game sagged at that moment, caught in a talent warp with Orr and a puck that left the ice on one side and frightened children on the other. It sagged, then collapsed; Parry Sound marched on to the slaughter.

Bobby Orr would have learned to write by the time a contract required his signature.

For the months between seasons I kept a magic carpet in the back of my social studies binder. It was a convenient place to store my imagination while the stale parts of the mind punched in at the blackboard, helping Balboa name the Pacific Ocean. And while the Spanish explorer marveled at the calm of the great sea, I would be called up to the Detroit Red Wings — injuries, you know — and join the NHL as one of three colored pencils. Green. Because I was new. And Detroit, the red, would battle the Toronto Maple Leafs, the blue, for the Stanley Cup championship. The three-ring binder paper would fill with the action of the Detroit Olympia.

The green pencil's one big move was to snare the puck off the boards in the Detroit end, pivot once — time enough to assess the Toronto armor — and feign a shift left but jump right, toward the open space by the blue line. That way, only the Toronto defense stood between me and the winning goal; and knowing Bob Baun and Tim Horton and every move, I knew I could count on them to play the man who dared split their defense. This was their flaw. Slamming the puck into the right boards, I swung directly between them and leaped, arc-

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Philadelphia Flyers brought burlesque to a... upright game



Upstart Buffalo Sabres started with panache

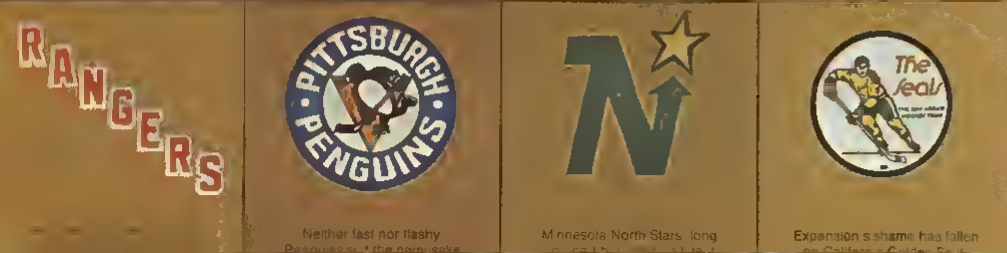
St Louis Blues a flash in the early expansion

Chicago Cougars are a home for disenchanted Black Hawks



NY Islanders spell $11 million to ice, nothing to laugh at

Vancouver Blazers escaping the memories of Philadelphia



Neither fast nor flashy Penguins are the new sad...

Minnesota North Stars long...

Expansion's shame has fallen...

Toronto Toros claim Hog To...

Minnesota's Fighting Saints drew... crowds in WHA

Bobby Hull plays in Winnipeg and little else need be said

ing over the vise of knees and elbows that came together like ill-scheduled trains. And while Baun crumbled into Horton, I gathered up the puck, moved in, deked and unloaded the puck behind a confused goaltender. The Detroit Olympia exploded. The binder had closed on another successful season.

Fifteen years later the moths were long into any such magic carpets. Where once I had known the name and position of every player on every team, now I couldn't even list the teams. Names like Deadmarsh and Boldurev curdled in a world where such names as Teeder Kennedy, Tod Sloan and Rocket Richard once sang. The times had changed.

The National Hockey League, our great Walter Mitty dream for all ages, faltered in 1967 and collapsed in 1972. To the people who had loved the game for its innocence and goodness, it had fallen like a virgin: money the seducer and television the bedroom.

The expansion in 1967 from six teams to 12 cannot be blamed in theory: the number of young men playing good hockey was at least double what it had been 30 years earlier. But expansion in practice was a disaster. The established teams were permitted to protect their true hockey talents, and to the new teams they sloughed off the old men and the second rate. Since they were in fact doubling the league, perhaps they should have started again from scratch, pooling the available talent and selecting on a criterion of fairness. But no, they were operating within the accepted logistics of greed. And in the six seasons since, we have seen four of the older, established teams for the first time in NHL history go over the 100-points-a-season level (Montreal ended with 120 last year — only 10 losses in 78 games!), meaning an inordinate number of wins at the expense of the new clubs. Super. What we have *not* seen is *even one* game in a final series of Stanley Cup play go to an expansion team. And whereas expansion teams in the first year were winning only one out of every 3.6 games against established clubs, four years later they were winning only one in every six or seven. In the Eastern Division of the NHL, fully 90 points separated first place Montreal and last place New York Islanders (in the equivalent division of the rival World Hockey Association, only 26 points kept last place New York Raiders out of first). Things were degenerating. Baseball had shown us expansion teams could win the World Series; football had given up the Superbowl to expansion clubs. The NHL, however, had no such plans.

The pain showed up on television. *Hockey Night In Canada*, once the absolute bastion of Canada's infatuation with big league hockey, was by 1973 a television show on the slide. A survey in January showed the audience had fallen almost 25% in one year. People were no longer watching from force of habit as perhaps they once had, back in the years when Toronto and Montreal played as if the goal creases had never left the Plains of Abraham. That had been great hockey. And even if you caught a game between two cellar clubs, that was still good, for the NHL once had only the two adjectives, great and good. The calibre was so high that we never bothered to learn to criticize. We suffer these days for precisely these reasons.

Back in 1969, Clarence Campbell, president of the NHL, announced that "Basically hockey is one phase of the entertainment world." Exactly. When the National Football League and the American Football League exploded throughout the 1960s beyond any one man's scope, the television people were able to save it simply because to them it *was* entertainment. They picked games of importance to televise, rather than whatever game was handy. And just as the musician who sours on opening night is open to the knocks of the music critic, the slack football player was fair play to the sabres of the telecaster. Motives were questioned, laziness berated and tactical errors pointed out. Football benefited. Howard Cosell was born ("Ho, hum, Dandy Don. I will be most hap-py once this harrrrdly piquant match has entered its well-deserved denouement"). The chessman's approach to watching football looks aristocratic when compared to the gee-whiz attitude of the hockey observer.

Hockey Night In Canada, now one of this country's depressed areas, is little more than a ticker-tape parade of cliché praise. The commentary is milquetoast at best; criticism is an unwelcome between-period guest, and the chance of there being any credible analysis attempted during the actual play-by-play is even more remote.

The Canadian hockey fan is a connoisseur without help, not even the isolated camera — widely used in football — which used in a hockey rink could show one player performing exclusive of the other action that takes place on the ice. Such a camera would offer the viewer glimpses into the less understood aspects of the game, such as the importance of instinct (if you've got to think about it then it's too late to do it) and that the puck is often to the hockey player what the spotlight is to the chorus girl.

With few exceptions, the standards of the hockey commentator are usually less than those of the fan. *Globe and Mail* sports columnist Dick Beddoes described the problem to the Davey commission on the mass media this way: "The profession is still burdened with hacks who make tin-can gods out of cast iron jerks." A fan tunes in to the game to see it, not hear it; the sports pages for the most part offer a statistical recount of what the fan saw, not the analysis. "Sports writing and commentary is largely PR work," says "retired" NHL goalie Ken Dryden, "and there's very little attempt made to look at it critically. Hockey is entertainment first of all for the participant, *then* for the spectators. But there's no reason why they can't be 'reviewing' sports, same as any other entertainment."

The fan gets continually shortchanged. Most commentators don't even recognize a trend when they see it. Alterations in style of play mean changes in entertainment value. One such trend surfaced last year and got next to no notice. But the fans were well aware that the superstar of the Seventies was likely to be playing centre ice, whereas a decade ago — with the exception of Stan Mikita and Jean Béliveau — he played on the wings. This has come about through the newfound sluggishness in the game, and those who can skate *and* hustle are taking advantage of the position that carries the least restrictions of movement. Yesterday's hero rode up and down the ice on right or left wing, waiting for the fast break or chancing a long shot from an angle. Today's hero uses the flexibility of his position to cash in on the chaos that builds around net scrambles. Last year, the two top scorers in both leagues played centre (the NHL's Phil Esposito and Bobby Clarke, the WHA's André Lacroix and Ron Ward). And the list of other centres reads like the who's who of Superstardom – Marcel Dionne, Gilbert Perreault, */ continued on page 78*

HANGING IN THERE



ELEMENTS	JACQUES PLANTE (GOAL)	HENRI RICHARD	VAL FONTEYNE	HARRY HOWELL	GORDIE HOWE	ALEX DELVECCHIO	DOUG MOHNS	NORM ULLMAN	RALPH BACKSTROM
AGE	44	37	40	40	45	42	40	38	36
TURNED PRO IN	1951	1955	1954	1951	1945	1950	1953	1953	1956
PRESENT TEAM	Quebec Nordiques (WHA)	Montreal Canadiens (NHL)	Alberta Oilers (WHA)	New York Golden Blades (WHA)	Houston Aeros (WHA)	Detroit Red Wings (NHL)	Atlanta Flames (NHL)	Toronto Maple Leafs (NHL)	Chicago Cougars (WHA)
LAST ACTIVE YEAR'S PERFORMANCE	Approximately 3 goals per game	8 goals 35 assists	7 goals 32 assists	4 goals 11 assists	23 goals 29 assists	18 goals 53 assists	4 goals 13 assists	20 goals 35 assists	26 goals 32 assists
LIFETIME SCORE (TOTAL POINTS)	Not Applicable	978	268	418	1 809	1 275	686	1 125	639
NEW CONTRACT (RUMORED TO BE)	$75 000 a year	$400 000 over two years	Not Known	$52 500 per year	$1 000 000 over five years	$200 000 over two years	Not Known	$90 000 a year	$750 000 over five years
PREDICTED OUTPUT 1973-74	Slightly less than 3 goals per game	15 goals	4 goals	5 goals	40 goals	15 goals	2 goals	20 goals	35 goals
PROBABLE NUMBER OF YEARS LEFT	1	2	1	2	2	2	1	2	5

BANKING ON YOUTH



ELEMENTS	MARK HOWE	MARTY HOWE	DENIS POTVIN	LANNY McDONALD	RICK MIDDLETON	ANDRE SAVARD	BOB DAILEY	PAULIN BORDELEAU
AGE	18	19	20	20	20	20	20	20
JUNIOR TEAM	Toronto Marlboros	Toronto Marlboros	Ottawa 67s	Medicine Hat Tigers	Oshawa Generals	Quebec Remparts	Toronto Marlboros	Toronto Marlboros
CONTRACT RUMORED TO BE	$500 000 over five years	$500 000 over five years	$500 000 over three years	$400 000 over five years	$270 000 over three years	$300 000 over three years	$225 000 over two years	$200 000 over three years
TEAM	Houston Aeros	Houston Aeros	New York Islanders	Toronto Maple Leafs	New York Rangers	Boston Bruins	Vancouver Canucks	Vancouver Canucks
POSSIBLE ASSET TO NEW TEAM*	9	6	7	8	4	7	7	6

*Assuming Bobby Orr was worth a full 10 points to Boston Bruins in 1966-67

TOASTING THE STARS

Someone once said hockey was a combination of ballet and bullfighting. The individual is the celebration. Like Bobby Orr, where the grace and timing of a Nureyev rides tandem with the bloodlust and pride of the matador. He is one athlete whose moments of glory are not mummified in statistics, people remember his moves as well as his records.

In the semifinal Stanley Cup series in 1972 against the New York Rangers, the puck burped out of a crease scramble and back to Orr on the right point. Rangers' Bruce MacGregor was in position to sweep the puck away for a clear break, but Orr threaded the puck from the tip of his stick to between his own skates, pirouetted as he shifted and faked once with his head as MacGregor went flounderng by. Had he been fighting bulls, Orr would have just completed a perfect *veronica*.

Hockey is a game of heroes and villains. We best know the heroes, such players as Orr, Bobby Hull, Gordie Howe, Frank Mahovlich, Gilbert Perreault, Dave Keon, J. C. Tremblay, Bobby Clarke, Tony and Phil Esposito, Serge Savard and a few others. Commentators would have you believe that heroes alone are what attracts the viewers to hockey, that a good, warm feeling is the only sensation the fan craves. Yet a bad feeling can be as commanding as a good one, and a combination of the two is unbeatable. Yvan Cournoyer, for instance, had people in the same room cursing and cheering last spring when he set a new record for Stanley Cup goals. Cournoyer is an elfish, chip-on-the-shoulder explosion, an arrogant and incredibly swift right winger with a prestissimo knack for scoring. ("He's like the wild pitcher in baseball," says Ken Dryden, who has faced Cournoyer during Montreal Canadiens' practices. "most disconcerting.") Love him, hate him, your eyes can't leave him. The emotion of dislike can be as attractive as any sense of affection.

Be cautioned that "entertainment value" is not just a cute euphemism for "winners." Dave Schultz of the Philadelphia Flyers, a very poor hockey player (9 goals and 12 assists last season), is nonetheless worth watching. Schultz is, as they say, an animal, a player with killer instincts (more than four hours in the penalty box last year). His haters are legion, and what small following he does have show their allegiance to him by turning out in Nazi war helmets, with SCHULTZ emblazoned across the brow. He's like a beer-hall bully, worth watching because of what might happen if you don't.

The celebration of the individual is even more crucial to followers of the WHA, since there is no team like the Montreal Canadiens to fire the imagination with an excitement equivalent to that created by the best individual stars. But no one needs to be reminded how captivating it is to watch Winnipeg Jets' Bobby Hull bazooka a shot from just over centre ice, or J. C. Tremblay of the Quebec Nordiques knit a tapestry of defensive moves that challenge description. Yet there are stars in the WHA who came of age there, and are virtually unknown to fans with access only to the NHL. Ron Ward, André Lacroix, Danny Lawson, Paul Shmyr, Tom Webster and Wayne Carleton. There is no law that requires a player to mature only in the National Hockey League, much to Clarence Campbell's chagrin.

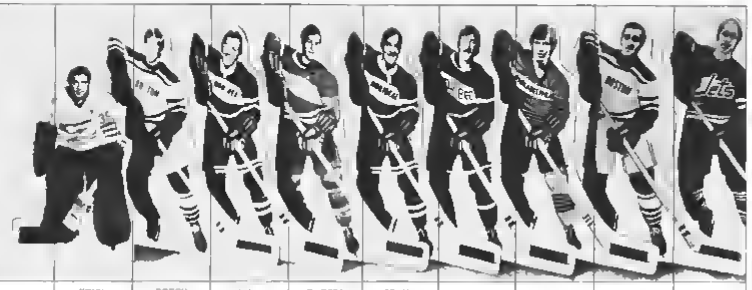
GETTING IT TOGETHER

As the season wears on, the emphasis on the individual is somewhat shifted to the teams. Not necessarily because the fan wants a winner, but because the team takes on many of the elusive qualities that combine to make up an entertainer. The team becomes an individual.

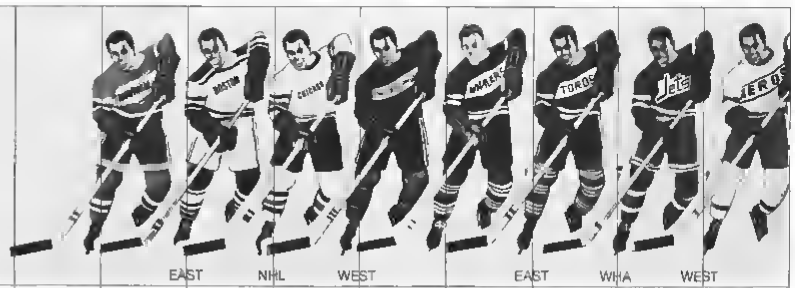
The Montreal Canadiens, a winning team, is also a team with character, and first-class entertainment whether the emotion aroused be hate or love. The individual stars admittedly play a major role, but there is much more to it than that, much more even than the fact that the team has won the Stanley Cup 11 times in the past 18 years. The appeal of the Canadiens ranges from tradition (a Richard has worn a Montreal uniform for 32 straight years) to faith in the future (the farm team down in Halifax might beat the lowliest two NHL teams and perhaps four WHA teams, meaning every time the Canadiens ice a rookie it's an added entertainment bonus). It is perhaps the only team ever to demote coaches who win Stanley Cups (Claude Ruel in 1969 and Al MacNeil in 1971). There is the diabolical subplot of the wheeling and dealing Sam Pollock. Legal but lethal. There's the drifting threat of Frank Mahovlich, smooth and fluid, contrasting sharply with the gyroscope windings of Serge Savard as he circles in the corners. There's the Gallic temper, and the continuing romance between the team and Montreal crowds. It's a dream team, sullied only in that the NHL through expansion and folly has deprived it of any worthwhile competition. The fan has probably never seen the current Canadiens play up to their potential — it just hasn't been necessary. It will soon be 12 Stanley Cups in 19 years.

An NHL team that is essentially the opposite of Montreal as far as finesse goes but essentially its equal in entertainment value is the Philadelphia Flyers. It is a team marketing an image. And it works. Since the individuals have much to do with the appeal of the overall team, it might be said that no team in hockey has as many entertainers as does Philadelphia, from angelic Bobby Clarke to caveman Dave Schultz. There's also Bill "Cowboy" Flett, the first player in pro hockey to sport shoulder-length hair and a full beard, Rick MacLeish, a cranky centre who scored 50 goals in his first full season in the NHL, and enough assorted toughies to make the team known around the league as the Broad Street Bullies. Last year Philadelphia compiled more penalties (1,756 minutes) than any team had in the history of big-league hockey. They appeal to chippy crowds, showboat crowds and even superstitious crowds — to stop a losing streak they play Kate Smith's *God Bless America* before the game. And it usually works.

The teams of the WHA have nothing to compare with Montreal Canadiens but there are gems within the rough. teams like the New England Whalers. Al Smith in goal and Brad Selwod, Jim Dorey, Rick Ley and Ted Green combine to give the Whalers a depth beyond many NHL teams. But they will have trouble this season stealing the spotlight from the Houston Aeros. The team will present hockey with its finest hour, the only chance the fan will ever have to see Gordie Howe, the best performer of the NHL's better days, play alongside Mark Howe, one of the best performers to play in whatever future hockey will be able to salvage for itself. ■



ELEMENTS	PERFECT SCORE	TONY ESPOSITO CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS	BOBBY ORR BOSTON BRUINS	YVAN COURNOYER MONTREAL CANADIENS	GILBERT PERREAULT BUFFALO SABRES	FRANK MAHOVLICH MONTREAL CANADIENS	J. C. TREMBLAY QUEBEC NORDIQUES	BOBBY CLARKE PHILADELPHIA FLYERS	PHIL ESPOSITO BOSTON BRUINS	BOBBY HULL WINNIPEG JETS
BASIC SKILLS	10	8	10	7	9	8	7	8	8	9
SCORING ABILITY PLAYER	10		9	9	8	8	4	8	9	9
STOPPING ABILITY GOALIE	20	17								
AESTHETIC GRACE	10	7	8	9	9	8	7	6	7	8
UNPREDICTABILITY	10	7	9	9	8	8	8	8	8	7
SPEED	10	8	9	10	9	8	6	8	7	9
SHOT	10		8	6	7	8	4	7	8	10
MOTIVATION	10	9	9	8	8	7	8	9	9	7
AROUSES GOOD AND/OR BAD EMOTION	10	7	10	8	8	9	8	8	8	8
TOUGHNESS	10	8	8	6	5	6	7	8	8	8
SHOWBOAT	5	3	3	4	4	3	4	3	4	4
CONTROVERSIAL	5	3	2	3	2	2	3	3	3	2
COLOR SCORE	100	75	85	81	77	75	66	76	79	81



		EAST NHL		WEST NHL		EAST WHA		WEST WHA	
	VALUE	MONTREAL CANADIENS	BOSTON BRUINS	CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS	PHILADELPHIA FLYERS	NEW ENGLAND WHALERS	TORONTO TOROS	WINNIPEG JETS	HOUSTON AEROS
GOALTENDING	20	15	12	17	13	13	11	14	11
DEPTH	15	15	11	11	10	11	9	10	11
DEFENSE	15	12	13	11	10	13	12	11	10
ATTACK	15	14	14	12	13	13	12	13	13
POWER PLAY	10	9	9	7	8	8	7	8	9
PENALTY KILLING	10	8	8	7	7	6	6	6	7
COME BACK ABILITY	10	9	8	7	7	6	8	7	5
FARM SYSTEM	5	5	3	3	3	1	1	1	1
TOTAL	100	87	78	75	71	71	66	70	67

*A separate standard was used for the WHA. It could be roughly figured that the New England Whalers would score around 60 if the NHL standard were invoked.



ILLUSTRATION BY RAY BARTOS M.F.

Joy in bad times

Can the young find a new spiritualism?

BY PENNEY KOME

I sometimes talk with a beautiful 85-year-old lady one of the original suffragettes, who lives across the street She says, "It must be very exciting to be a writer at this time in history " She huddles inside her sweater "All this change," she sighs "It makes me feel so old I worry that I can't keep up " I feel a chill down my spine, frightened for the rich, warm valuable aura I sense around her

She's right about the change Scientists keep answering questions most of us have never even asked The extended family is disappearing class lines are no longer indelible, the once cherished college degree is becoming redundant Yes, she's right about the change, and it's enough to make anyone uneasy, if not downright confused The technological bureaucracy has developed its own mechanical momentum, maddeningly insensitive to human needs

Even the scientists are questioning the superhuman speed and efficiency of the technocracy they've created, they're backtracking on some of their answers, revising them by drawing upon some very old and unexpected sources of wisdom C F von Weizsäcker, one of Germany's top nuclear physicists, studies the definition of energy in regular consultation with Pandit Gopi Krishna, who practises a form of Yoga known as Kundalini The Russians are supposed to have developed a supersensitive form of photography which records an electrical field (or aura) around all living things Many scientists are now studying these and other formerly "supernatural" phenomena If they prove psychic energy is physically real, anything goes

This is indeed an exciting time in history But it's ironic that change so often overwhelms the individual, bringing confusion and chaos rather than mind-expanding liberation Change strikes, sometimes with a sudden ferocity, into the carefully managed patterns of our lives It's not surprising that more and more people are going in search of personal salvation as one way of handling the changes

We all have our various ways of maintaining control over our lives, of holding on — and letting go A couple of years ago, a succession of crises in my world built up until I had lost all sense of direction It was terrifying. I saw bits and pieces of patterns swirling through my life but I couldn't see any connections I was stumbling through a gentle, multicolored rainfall, watching sunlight strike, from water, sparks and flashes, tiny shadows of anxieties, aching to climb inside and explore each drop and yet somehow driven to be somewhere else on time The ground beneath my feet heaved. I pressed forward, dazzled, drenched, and hoping someone somewhere had sent out a search party

Quite accidentally, I found my own way in two very ancient mystical texts, one Eastern and one Western The Western text was the Tarot, a seemingly innocuous deck of 78 cards that has survived since at least the 14th century The Eastern text was the *I Ching* or *Book Of Changes*, which antedates Confucius

Maintaining what I felt was an academic curiosity, I discovered in these texts something I wasn't expecting peace of mind I was studying the advice of Chinese philosophers who couldn't have imagined the complications of the world of nuclear power or automobiles Yet their writings were flexible enough to set my small heartaches in a universal perspective Almost unconsciously, I acquired a set of guidelines to help me figure out which tiny piece of the Divine Whole was mine

Finding those guidelines, a sense of permanence through the changes — this is the quandary of the age Over and over people cry, "Where do I fit in?" That's the question that the new spiritualist groups seem to answer for their vast and growing numbers of followers

Across Canada, at least 86 new and revived religious groups have sprung up in recent years Virtually every major Canadian university has adopted a (sometimes extracurricular) Yoga course We have our very own Indian Swami, Vishnudevananda, who directs more than 25 centres around the world from his headquarters in Val Morin, Quebec The Guru Maharaj Ji, the 15-year-old self-proclaimed Messiah and incarnation of his father, also a Messiah, claims nine centres in Canada, from coast to coast. The Church of the Final Judgment (The Process) has as many as 10 000 lay members in Ontario and east to Montreal In addition to these are the countless Yoga and Zen Buddhist ashrams (communal houses) which do not advertise There are 86 Canadian centres listed in the *Spiritual Community Guide* (one recent North American catalogue of the new groups), ranging from Bean Sprout Traditional Foods in Halifax to the Poseidon Bookshop in Winnipeg to the Cold Mountain Institute in Vancouver I have not attempted to count the Jesus Freaks, but they certainly number in the thousands

The new spiritualist groups provide the kinds of answers that the establishment religions have trouble providing Or so the rumor goes Recently, with this very thought in mind, I went out to take a look around

I step into the old two-story house which serves as a temple for the Hare Krishna sect in Toronto and sit cross-legged on the floor talking with a scalp-locked young man White and orange robes float by and once in a while a tuneful prayer breaks from a devoted throat I listen to my counselor while scooping fingerfuls of cold, mildly curried rice from a sheet of aluminum foil

The believer uses the term "transcending" much too freely His eyes wander back and forth to mine while he recites a singsong spiel he's memorized in morning class I try a couple of other kids and get the same feeling Maybe they've found temporary peace in the ordered discipline of their religious family life But I sense an inner, unresolved turmoil.

My counselor says that bhakti yoga, or devotion to Krishna, bypasses the usual stringent discipline involved in other forms of yoga He rises early, says the first of his five required formal prayers, and attends morning devotions Around us people keep touching their foreheads to the bare floor (the only furniture I saw was a low altar) in prayer He explains that the oil painting on this wall is their Spiritual Master who lives in Los Angeles, and on that wall is their Spiritual Master's Spiritual Master who lives in India. When he gets into the antiseptic properties of cow dung, this particular /*continued on page 54*

MEMOIRS OF A NAME DROPPER

The day Boris Karloff went his way and I went mine

BY DAVID E. LEWIS



I think it is a natural impulse to want to meet famous people.

But what does one do, living in a small Nova Scotian town (pop. circa 1,107)?

I wrote fan letters.

When I was 14 I wrote my first fan letter.

It was to Boris Karloff.

"That fits," said my father enigmatically.

I had seen *Frankenstein* and had run home in the dark, excited and terrified. I wrote him that he had been a wonderful Frankenstein. He wrote back, kindly, and probably for the only reason of clarifying my confusion. It seems he had not played Frankenstein, but the monster. This sparked another letter to him which was an embarrassed apology but no less ardent in hero worship.

Years later I saw him in a play in New York (*The House At Sly Corner*) which was dreadful, but Karloff was there, leering about the stage. After the play I hesitantly went backstage and lurked around, hoping to see him. I realized that the entire cast was on stage, revising a scene. Una O'Connor was there, and Ethel Griffies, and I stood behind a discarded prop and peered out at them in utter fascination. Eventually Karloff came off stage. I ducked. I humped into something and he turned around.

"Yes?" he said in a silky voice, and peered at me as though he had my jugular vein in mind.

I hushed and bowed my head.

"What are you doing here?" he asked in a soft gentle voice.

I looked up at him. "I wanted to meet you."

"Me?" he echoed in surprise.

"Yes," I blurted out, "I wrote you a fan letter once."

He stared at me incredulously, and then smiled. "Oh... you live in Canada." I nodded.

He came over and put his hand on my shoulder. I nearly fainted. "It was the only fan letter I ever got," he said. "You will join me for coffee?"

Once in New York I was walking down 42nd Street and I saw Bert Lahr, standing on a corner. I knew it was Lahr. His eyes were as unfocused as they were in the movies. I walked up to him somewhat timidly.

"Are you Bert Lahr?" I asked.

He looked at me like a Siamese cat and said, "No."

It must have been a personality clash.

Once at college my roommate forced me into a double date. I balked, but he insisted. I owed him five dollars. When we got together my girl was beautiful.

"I've got epidermomycosis," she said proudly.

"Do you have to water it often?" I asked. I was saving exotic plants at the time. She didn't speak for a while. Then, "I was Miss Tatamagouche last year," she said proudly.

Good heavens, I thought, *another* celebrity. She explained that some of the girls had been bitchy, just because her father, who was mayor, and her uncle, who was Chairman of the School Board, were the judges. It shows how mean people can be. I went home and added Mabel Frumpf of Tatamagouche to the list of celebrities in my diary.

I saw quite a bit of Mabel. Once we went to a dance. Don Messer's orchestra was there. As we danced past, I yelled out "Hi, Charlie!" and Charlie Chamberlain yelled back "Hi!" Which proves that it isn't too difficult to meet celebrities if you really try.

A friend of mine used to manage the community concert series in Halifax. One day I was visiting him and he asked me to help him. He was meeting Suzanne Bloch and she played all kinds of obsolete strange instruments, and she had each one in a separate case, and she was arriving on the three-thirty train. We met her train and got all the strange-shaped cases stashed away in a taxi and drove up in front of the Lord Nelson Hotel. I grabbed four of the cases. After a few words with my friend, Suzanne had gone ahead to register. As I was coming in the door, she turned and said in a vibrant voice, "Boy, be careful of my virginals!" I dropped the cases and fled. So I almost met Suzanne Bloch.

And I did meet Pops Foster. I went down to a little bar on Massachusetts Avenue, in Boston, called the Savoy. There were two Dixieland bands there, Bob Wilber's and Edmund Hall's. I watched Pops all through one session and then sent him a note asking him if he'd like a drink. He did. In fact, he liked a special drink which shortened my vacation by two days. I sat until the music was all over. As I was reluctantly going out the door, Pops appeared. "You gotta go home, sonny?" he rasped.

"No."

"Join me."

We ended up in a bar farther down the street. All the musicians in town were there and I never have heard such Dixieland in all my life.

So for a small-town boy, I guess I can drop a few names. For instance:

A teacher friend of mine and I drove to Montreal one time. We went into the Chicken-Coop. The head waitress asked if we minded sharing a booth. We didn't. Our eating partner was a good-looking, clean-cut young fellow (I must interpose here that I am not a hockey fan, which makes me sound anti-Canadian, I know.) We talked about the weather. My friend was the physical-training instructor at our school. He didn't speak. I held out my hand.

"My name is Dave Lewis," I said.

"Mine is Frank Mahovlich," said our booth-mate.

"I'm a school teacher," I explained. "What do you do for a living?"

Frank Mahovlich stared at me, uncomprehending. I turned to speak to Jack. He had slid under the table.

When I was in St. John's, Newfoundland, during the war (the second one) Hal Holbrook was in the American army stationed there. He was a member of the St. John's Drama group, and I did their publicity. When I saw him on TV as Mark Twain, I couldn't identify him with the slim young soldier who took the leads in our productions. One was a murder-comedy by A. A. Milne. At the last minute one of the actors took sick and I was the inevitable replacement because everyone else was in the play. I had three lines. I had never been on the stage in my life. But I had no excuse, really. Opening night I was paralyzed with fear. My appearance was at the beginning of act two, I was to come on stage through French windows, walk over to another window, pick up my spyglasses, look out and comment, "I never expected to see partridge here."

I got through the doors without calamity, although they were newly painted, and looked out onto a sea of faces. I froze. I could hear the prompter hissing "Partridge! partridge!" Without going over to the window, I just stood there, and leveled my glasses and peered straight ahead. "I never expected to see partridge here," I shrieked.

Afterward I learned that I had a perfect head on Sir Humphrey Walwyn, who was the governor of the island, and symbolic of the native hatred for the English. He was sitting in the front row, sound asleep. The audience gave me a whistling ovation which broke up the play. Even the cast on stage were screaming. Later, backstage, Holbrook, even then a professional, told me he was going to kill me. There were two reasons why he didn't do it right away — one, we had to run for three nights and; two, he couldn't at the moment think of a method torturous enough.

It's not everyone who gets threatened by a first-rank actor.

Another fan letter I wrote had repercussions.

Years ago one of my luxuries was to wake up Sunday morning, realize that I didn't have to get up, turn on the radio, and lie back in voluptuous relaxation. One morning I heard a talk by someone called Farley Mowat, who had lived with an Eskimo tribe that was almost extinct. I listened to the series and wrote him a letter, telling him that anyone who could arouse my interest in a semi-extinct Eskimo tribe had magic. Years later, I had a bookstore in Montreal. One day someone walked in, short, disguised in a bushy red beard, and bursting with hormones. He introduced himself. I told him I had written him a fan letter. We had a long pleasant talk. Years later I took a schooner trip from Lunenburg to Baddeck. As we sailed gloriously into Baddeck harbor, the focus of a thousand eyes, I saw Farley Mowat standing on the wharf.

"There's Farley Mowat!" I yelled.

"Yeah?" said one of my crew huddies. "You and your name-dropping."

"It *is* Farley Mowat," I assured him.

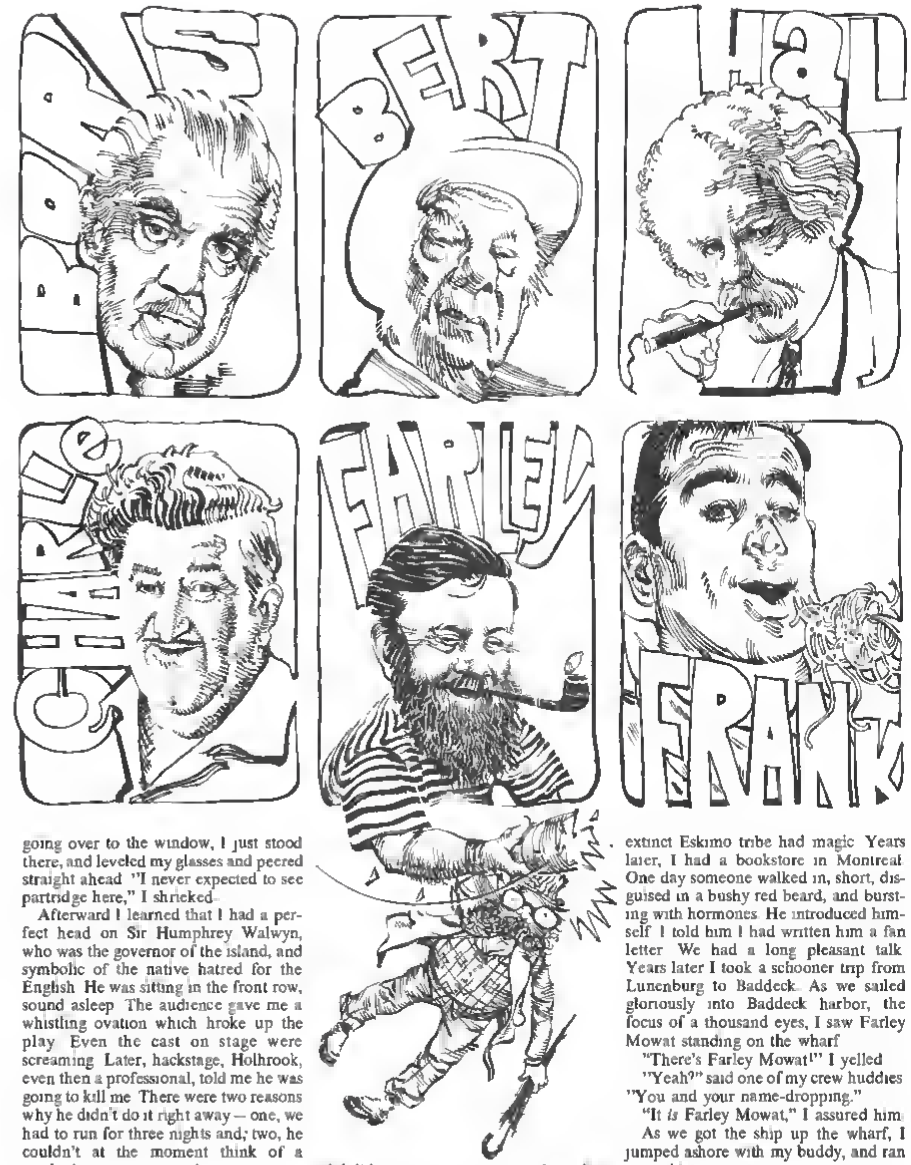
As we got the ship up the wharf, I jumped ashore with my buddy, and ran up to him.

"Farley," I said enthusiastically, "how are you?"

He looked at me with a hrisding beard.

"Who the hell are you?" he said.

"Would you believe Mazo de la Roche?" — and fled up the street. ■



David E. Lewis has lived in the Annapolis Valley for most of his life. A collection of his humorous stories was published recently by McClelland and Stewart.

The spirit of the Thirties

Understanding the people's pain and the people's pluck of the Great Depression

BY BARRY BROADFOOT

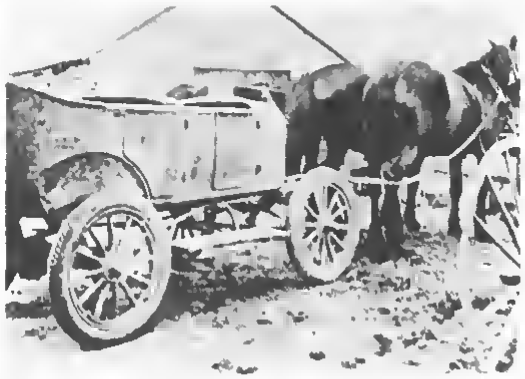
The Great Depression 1929-1939 The Dirty Thirties For a multitude of reasons those 10 years in Canadian history have dropped almost out of sight Newspapers never documented the Depression too closely, in the misguided belief that bad news wouldn't help and better days were just around the corner Text books used in Canadian schools barely mention the period But what of the survivors two generations of Conadians who hold history in their memories, and yet are silent?

The interviews that follow are taken from a remarkable new book released this month by Doubleday Canada, Ten Lost Years *The author, Vancouver journalist Barry Broadfoot, spent most of a year crisscrossing Canada interviewing people about their memories of the Depression. He talked to people where he could find them — sitting next to him on a train, in their homes and offices, in stores, bars and cafés, and on the street*

"Again and again," he writes "an interview would begin with the man or woman laughing off the Depression, saying they couldn't remember anything — and then coming up with a hell of a story something that happened to them or to a relative or friend or neighbor, something that happened long ago but was still burning vividly deep in their minds "

Most of the storytellers in Ten Lost Years *remain anonymous The exception here is the first speaker, author James Gray The unwanted manuscript he describes in his story, written just after the war, was finally published in 1966 as* The Winter Years *and became an instant Canadian classic As for the others, Barry Broadfoot warns in his preface, "If their anonymity worries you, leaves you feeling that a certain story could have been told by your neighbor three doors down the block, then you are getting the message of this book — that dramatic and wonderful and terrible and foolish and funny and tragic things happened in Canada's Depression to people you pass every day, people as ordinary as the woman three doors down "*

One thing that has always astonished me is the way the Depression has been handled by school textbooks, histories, that kind of book Even at the university level, the Depression is not handled in any depth There are textbooks of Canadian history where the Depression gets three or four paragraphs— and I actually saw one book where it got *one* sentence It went something like this "Between 1929 and 1939 the Canadian nation suffered a Great Depression, and the western wheat farmer was the most seriously hit " Period That was all Then they went on to the war, as if the war, in a twist of meaning, healed all wounds



Goin' down the road Right *Men of all ages drifted back and forth across the country in a hopeless search for work — any kind of work* Above *The two-horsepower Bennett Buggy, a bitter tribute initiated in the West, to the man who was prime minister during the worst years of the Great Depression*

It is almost a conspiracy to hide those 10 years, although I hate to use the word "conspiracy" because it often has a criminal connotation Of course I don't think that But there seems to have been an attitude right up till now of "Let's not talk about it, let's not admit that we walked around with holes in our soles and souls and let's never admit the fact we had to work for a dollar a day or we had to take relief and do things our pride and our upbringing and our heritage would never allow us to do before " I don't know why this attitude should prevail

Of course, it's true that people were ashamed, collectively, that there was such a thing as a Depression, that the whole system just broke down and nothing could be done to make it work But why have 10 years of our contemporary history, 10 years of the greatest trauma this continent has ever faced, been virtually blotted out?

Remember, in some ways it was a tremendously exciting time. People found strengths they did not know they had They learned they could endure, and endure, and endure some more It was almost a trial by battle Yes, it was a battle in that sense and the Canadian nation came out of it stronger than before

After the war, years after, people would say, "Well, you were in it on relief what was it like?" and I'd tell stories about what it was like to go down to get relief I was kind of an amusement centre — Jimmy Gray will now tell you what it was like to be on relief No one knew except the people who had suffered

In 1945 somebody told me that I should write the story of the Depression, but by the time I got the manuscript to the publisher the top people had changed Their only reaction was, "Who the hell wants to read about that?" And that's the way it's been right up until now

I don't really remember much about the Depression I was born in 1930 and by the time it was over I was still a youngster but I know something about it because I've heard my mother talk about it. Mostly I remember my father

We lived in Regina then The way my mother tells it, my parents had bought our bungalow in 1927 for $8,000 which was a pretty high price I remember the house Nice and because times were



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY THE PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

good, the interest rate was high, but it looked like there was going to be good days forever. Anyway, they bought. And then boom! Boom, right to the bottom. My Dad had put his savings into this house and the mortgage was for $50 a month, I think mother said, at 7½%. Dad was only making about $100 a month, yes, $100, but even that was considered okay in 1933 or so, especially when relief was about $40 or $50. At $50 a month, you're sure as hell not cutting into that principal are you? And only $50 left. Fifty. My father was Scots, a guy who knew money and what it was all about. He pleaded with the landlord, the guy who held the mortgage, to cut the interest. It seems other interest rates were being cut, but this bastard, another Scotsman by the way, said no way, because, you see, he wanted that house, he wanted all the houses he could get by foreclosure, and I understand he got quite a few.

My mother tells it this way, that on pay night, the end of the month, my father would have worked himself into a frenzy. Pure hate for this man who held the mortgage and wouldn't give him a break. She said he'd be almost crazy and couldn't eat his dinner, yelled at my brother and me, and I can remember that. Then he'd put on his coat and walk the half mile to this man's house and pay him his stinking dollars, and it used to kill him. One night when he was especially bad my mother phoned her brother Fred and he drove around and parked across the street. Dad was talking to himself as he came down the street and, well, as soon as the landlord opened the door, the old man started yelling at him, cursing him. Like he was crazy, and I guess he was. The landlord would take the money, shut the door in my father's face, and then come back and give him a receipt.

Those nights I can remember him taking off his coat and going into a room he'd built downstairs and he'd have a bottle of booze, we'd call it a mickey now but I don't know what it was called then, and he'd drink it in about an hour.

Well, that will bomb anybody. He'd sit down there and curse the banks and the landlords and everybody and, you see, he was a reasonable man and this was very upsetting to us kids because he was a good father. He was a very good father. Well, let me see, about nine o'clock or so, Dad would stumble up the stairs and go into their bedroom and I could hear, because our bedroom was next door, I could hear my mother going in and saying, "Now, dear, there, there, everything will be all right. You'll see," and she'd sit and hold his hand until he went out like a light. You know, some of the tough ones of those years, I guess, were the women. Next morning Dad would be okay, shaky but okay, and everything would be okay for another month.

(He breaks down and cries for a few seconds)

You've got to think of it in his terms. One hundred bucks a month or whatever it was. A wife, two kids, a house. That mortgage. Fifty off the top. Taxes. No vacation. Nothing for the kids. How they did it I'll never know. Let's put up monuments all over this country to our folks. Why, the wife and I blow $200 in a weekend in Montreal, without even trying, and don't even enjoy ourselves. Just to keep our marriage from falling apart.

Our town, Guelph, had manufacturing, you see, and that's the way it had been for generations and while some mills, some foundries, while they cut back, they never quite closed down so there was always work. Wages were cut, you know, but a man could work. No, our town never suffered all that much.

Yes, the relief trains. Groups like our church and others, we'd be asked to get together and try and get up enough goods, anything that we figured would be of some use to those poor starving people in Saskatchewan. Was it the Prairies, or just Saskatchewan? Our minister came up with the slogan. From Green Ontario To Parched Saskatchewan. Something like that. We had a meeting to set up a committee and we were assigned a boxcar to fill. None of us knew how big a boxcar was, but our minister said it was big and we named this committee and set up a day for collection.

Well, you never saw anything like it before. Picture those old houses. Some big as fortresses, and for generations, it seems, people hadn't thrown anything away. I know when the girls and I started in, we wondered why the house just hadn't fallen down of the weight. There were trunks, clothes brought out from Scotland and never worn, bonnets and these big hats the like of which you wouldn't believe, and dresses with three and four built-in petticoats. It was like a circus. My three girls just had the time of their lives, and finally I had to lay down the law and I told them to just keep passing the stuff to me and I'd decide whether it should be kept, thrown away or sent out to parched Saskatchewan.

Now, you must allow that this was going on in 100 other homes in Guelph and in Galt and up in Toronto and Brantford and Hamilton and down at Woodstock and London, all over the place. All those attics. Is it any wonder it was announced that, in that year, I think it was, 250 carloads were sent?

Now I have a strange observation to make. It happened years later, after I had moved to Winnipeg. I was talking to an old lady, my age, you understand, a neighbor of my daughter, and I mentioned this very thing, how we cleaned out the attics to send the relief trains out.

This old lady stiffened and her face became hard and she said, "Mrs. Monk, in all your days you will never know how the people of Saskatchewan resented those clothes. How they downright hated them. You people in the East got us into the Depression and then when the drought came and we could do nothing, you threw your old mothball clothes at us like a bunch of town ragamuffins throwing rocks at the local idiot. I must say this, because it's true and I believe in speaking the truth." Those were almost her very words.

Needless to say, I was astonished. Astonished, for goodness sakes, and I said that they took the clothes and used them and weren't they good clothes and didn't they need them? She said, "Mrs. Monk, it may interest you to know that for one winter I milked three skinny cows in a dress which could have been worn to a ball honoring the coronation of Queen Victoria. A lovely dress. A truly wonderful dress."

We looked at each other, these two old ladies, and we couldn't help it, just the thought

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PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY THE TORONTO SUN

The drifters, who set up hobo "jungles" similar to the one (above) outside Toronto, grew too numerous and visible for comfort. The government tried herding them into relief camps, but the men rebelled. In Kamloops (left), they boarded eastbound trains and joined the spectacular On-To-Ottawa Trek.

MISS MODESTY

Understanding CTV's Carole Taylor the especially nice celebrity

BY JACK BATTEN

Carole Taylor says she's "embarrassed" that her beauty won her the Miss Toronto title in 1963. She remembers her early days as a TV hostess and interviewer as being distinguished mainly by "a catalogue of mortifying mistakes." And she insists, after 10 years in the business and at only 27 years of age, that her "decision to stay in TV is a week by week thing — that impermanent." Yet this same Carole Taylor just happens to be emerging in the 1973-74 television season as by all odds the most accomplished and appealing woman in the hot and competitive world of Canadian public affairs broadcasting.

This season — no two ways about it — belongs to Carole Taylor who is currently lighting up the screen as hostess and reporter for *W5*, CTV's flagship public affairs program, shown on Sundays at 10 p.m.

Not that Mrs. Taylor is pushing herself for the top of the female list. She, of all people, is not given to talking up her own virtues. In fact, her off-air conversational bag is understatement.

"A lot of my attitude to TV work was shaped by the way I started in it," she explains. "I was just a 17-year-old kid, I was put in front of a camera, without any direction at all, and I was told to act like a hostess and talk to the guests. Well, I got away with it because television was so young in Canada back then. There were a lot of mistakes on TV and I was one of them. So today, coming out of that kind of background, I don't want anybody to get too serious about me and treat me like some kind of guru on the subject of interviewing."

Still, there's no denying Taylor's credentials for star rating. Consider, for beginners, her beauty. She has porcelain pure skin, a heart-shaped face, an immaculate sense of grooming, and a smart-young-Canadian-matron elegance in the way she holds herself. Hers is a thoroughbred sort of looks, beauty that makes you admire her but that keeps you, politely, at a distance.

There's another Taylor quality that also serves to hold outsiders at a safe remove: niceness. Carole Taylor is nice. That isn't to label her dull, rather she comes across as a remarkably disciplined woman, and if there's a bitchy side to her then she keeps it safely muffled. Certainly no journalists who have examined her up close, including at least one specialist in cracking veneers, have detected a phony cover to all that niceness.

Then there's brains. She was the first winner of the Miss Toronto pageant ever to take her $1,000 prize money, not in cash to launch a modeling career but in university tuition. And she graduated from the University of Toronto with solid marks and a degree in English.

"That education," she says now, "was the biggest help I had in doing good interviews. All through school I was working weekends as the hostess on *After Four*, a show that was aimed at the young audience, and I found that the more I absorbed in classes and in reading the more sensible and confident I was about asking politicians and movie stars and so on questions on television. As a matter of fact, I used to think I might have a career in the academic world. Maybe I still will — I applied last year at the U of T to take a master's in economics or political science, but they want you to work at an MA full time not part time, and I'm not quite ready to give up everything for graduate study."

In private life, she's married to Bryce Taylor, a tall, handsome all-star quarterback at the University of Toronto, the senior intercollegiate league's leading passer in 1965, who turned down pro football offers in order to devote himself to a surgeon's career. The Taylors have an 18-month-old son named Christopher ("Unfortunately," says Carole, "pregnancy was hell for me, very depressing") and they live comfortably in a pleasant old home, done up as a replica of a Scottish castle gatehouse, in a chic section of west Toronto.

The Taylor marriage started, conventionally enough, in a flash of glamour — one Toronto newspaper described it as "a modern fairy tale come true" — but, Carole says, 10- and 12-hour workdays for both parties have long since turned it into a union of rare liberation. "Bryce has always been so committed to work and study himself," */ continued on page 104*



PHOTOGRAPH BY BEVERLEY ROCKETT



WINTERFEST

By Walter Stewart

On BC's coast we make the most
Of Winter's bumptious breezes;
A harbor throng breaks into song
And girls all show their kneeses.



Old Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, the German philosopher, didn't think much of winter. In *Thus Spake Zarathustra,* he wrote, "Winter, a bad guest, sitteth with me at home, blue are my hands with his friendly handshaking." Well, I never did think much of Nietzsche, with his prattle of *Ubermensch* (Superman) and his "morals of masters" (although I've always had a sneaking regard for one of his lines: "In revenge and in love woman is more barbarous than man"), but even his admirers must admit that he made two fundamental errors in his approach to winter. In the first place, he sitteth around home, a bad move. Anybody who sitteth around waiting for spring deserves all the chilblains he gets. In the second place, he never came to Canada, a nation where, perhaps because we have so damn much of the season, we have developed the knack not merely of surviving but enjoying the winter. From the first flake of snow to the first flood of slush, this nation goes berserk in an orgy of festivals, carnivals, bonspiels, rendezvous, conventions, winterfests, fishing contests, snowmobile rallies, ski meets and even, so help me, pillow fights.

What follows is not an attempt to catalogue these events. (You could fill this magazine just listing all the things we do to fight off cabin fever, from the Tommycod Festival at La Pérade, Quebec, to the dogsled races at Fort Nelson, BC.) A note to any provincial tourist department, or to the Canadian Government Travel Bureau in Ottawa, will bring you more ideas than you can shake a snowshoe at.) Rather, this is a *Maclean's* Arbitrary Guide, a personal selection of some of the things that have appealed to us most from the avalanche of possibilities. The guide flows from west to east, for convenience, and tries to present a sampling broad enough to make old Nietzsche, were he around and off his prat, rewrite his verdict to: "Winter, a cheerful old codger, taketh me out on the town, warm are my cockles with his hearty backslapping."

Winter seems to bring out the best in the people of British Columbia. You may attribute this to smug satisfaction over the mildness of the climate — Vancouver's mean temperature in January is 37 and Victoria's 39, which is hardly mean at all — but northern BC is as cold as any place in the country (Fort Nelson's mean January temperature is lower than that in Whitehorse), so that can't be it. By "the best," I mean that British Columbians in winter are busy, cheery and full of uplift. For example, my favorite of all BC's winter pastimes is the habit they have formed, in both Victoria and Vancouver, of organizing carol-sings during the week before Christmas. Our picture (left) shows carolers in the harbor at Victoria, but you can see the same sight any pre-Christmas-week evening in Vancouver. School choral groups take part, and in Vancouver they are joined by a Carol Ship Flotilla, complete with a Christmas Tree Barge, which bobs around the harbor, bouncing songs of joy off the surrounding mountains. You can either join the ships — the three-hour trip costs $1.50 for adults, one dollar for children — or just stand on the shore and bellow along for free.

Winter festivals are all the rage in BC, and two of the best of these are the Vernon Winter Carnival (from which our picture shows a Klondike Kapers kick-line) and the annual Snow Festival at Revelstoke. Both are in the BC interior, and readily accessible from the Trans-Canada Highway, Revelstoke being right on that route and Vernon 47 miles south, on Highway 97, in the Okanagan valley. Both are pretty towns with spectacu-

lar settings — water on one side and mountains on the other — and both are large enough to provide a wide range of tourist facilities. However, both are jammed at festival time and the tourist rash enough to set out without a hotel or motel reservation risks spending the night in a snowbank. The smart thing to do is to write well in advance (the Vernon carnival begins on the last Saturday in January and lasts 10 days, the Revelstoke festival is held toward the end of February) to the local chamber of commerce for hotel listings, or you can consult your travel agent.

Vernon's carnival has all the usual events — a beauty contest and fashion show, parades, ice-sculpting, snowshoe racing, nightly dances and a ski meet — plus some specialties of its own, such as a Gelandy competition (acrobatic ski jumping), a snowshoe golf tournament and an auto slalom.

At Revelstoke, the emphasis is on ski jumping, with the Nels Nelsen International Ski Jump, on the edge of town famous enough to draw competitors from all over the world. The local distance record is 310 feet, a flight path covering most of the length of a football field, and jumps of 275 feet are common. Watching gives the onlooker a double satisfaction, first, there is the thrill of seeing the hunched figure hurtle down the slope and soar into the air, reaching up and out, approaching what seems to be escape velocity, and threatening to disappear into orbit, then arcing downward to land with a muffled thump and a snowy scramble to stay erect; secondly, there is the inward glow that comes from knowing you are too smart to do anything that stupid. (Tyros who want to try a hand — or leg — at ski jumping are encouraged, though not by wives or mothers.)

BC's winter festivals are regarded with scorn in the Canadian Arctic, where the folks think they invented winter and are certain they have the patent on the secret of its celebration. Yukon's Sourdough Rendezvous, held at Whitehorse late in February, and the Northwest Territories' Caribou Carnival, held at Yellowknife late in March, are conducted with a concentrated frenzy unmatched by any public events anywhere else in Canada. In Whitehorse, you can be thrown into a makeshift "jail" and fined for not wearing a beard to show that you are caught up in the spirit of the thing (that is, if you are male; beardless girls are encouraged to roam the streets at will). Cop-outs and visitors can escape the fine by purchasing a Beardless Button, but no one can escape the noisy, rollicking floor-stomping, arm-waving, whoop-and-hollering climate of jamboree that fills both northern capitals at festival time.

"Headlong" is the word I'm looking for. Northerners approach their play in a headlong fashion. In 1893, whalers at Herschel Island off the Arctic Coast organized a midwinter baseball league, skidding across the darkened slopes in pursuit of the Arctic Whaleman's Pennant. They played in fair weather and foul, and one year a number of players were frozen to death when a sudden blizzard struck before they could get to shelter. The league, of course, went on. Well, nobody gets wiped out at today's northern festivals, but the spirit hasn't changed much. Take the Eskimo (right) soaring into the air off a blanket during the Caribou Carnival. The object is to get as high as possible, the corollary being that the higher you get, the more it's going to hurt if anything goes wrong on the way down. Blanket-tossing, log-sawing, tree-felling, dogsled and snowmobile races are part of these festivals, but what is at the heart of them, what sets them apart, is the feeling that everybody — spectator and participant, local or visitor — is as winter-touched and as play-mad as the frolicksome whalers who chased baseballs over the frozen floes off Herschel Island in 1893.

To attend either of these festivals, put yourself in the hands of a travel agent, or write CP Air, which flies to Whitehorse, or Pacific Western Airlines, which flies to Yellowknife.

But if that seems too far to go to salute winter, try the Prairies, where winds whistle without serious impediment from the Ontario border to the foothills of the Rockies, and a chap has to have something to do just to keep his mind off its incessant moaning. And there is, heaven knows, lots to do, from football games that are still under way long after the first blizzards strike to indoor rodeos, in Calgary and Edmonton, that waft over the cities, along with a healthy whiff of sweat and manure, the first promise of spring.

Of all the winterfests that help make that season bearable on the Prairies, here are three: the Fort Festival, held early in February, at Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, Winter Chimo, held early in March at Saskatoon, and the Northern Manitoba Trappers' Festival, held in mid-February at The Pas (from which our picture, left, shows a tree-felling contest). They are all, despite a fundamentally similar format of races, pageants and contests, quite different in style.

The Fort Festival is the annual paroxysm that grips the small town of Fort Qu'Appelle (population, about 2,000) 45 miles northeast of Regina. It is a neighborly kind of affair, and features a free street breakfast (coffee, eggs and sausages), a fish-eating contest, a boys' pillow fight, a hide race (in which kids use cowhides for sleds behind snowmobiles) and a ladies' flour-packing contest, in which the object is to stagger away with as many bags of flour as possible. (I have often wondered about the significance of this last, with the price of food going the way it is, are the good ladies working themselves up to a really spectacular shoplifting spree?) There is nothing sophisticated about any of the goings-on, indeed there is nothing sophisticated about the pretty little town, and the finicky visitor headed for the festival will do well to find a hotel room in Regina, and drive out for the day.

Saskatoon's Winter Chimo, on the other hand, has a kind of professional polish to it, and the quality of competitors in various contests seems to be a distinct cut above the cheerful amateurs who pitch in at Fort Qu'Appelle. There are car races, snowmobile races, a hockey tournament, a fiddlers' contest, an ice-sculpturing contest and a championship horseshoe tourna-

The Arctic fest is full of zest — Takes vigor to absorb it; A man was lost when, blanket-tost, He vanished into orbit.





PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU



ment, in which the incredible accuracy of even the losers is enough to make those of us who have heaved a shoe or two vainly in the direction of a sand-banked spike seethe with frustrated envy. Winter Chimo is a watchers' festival, and a first-rate one, while the Fort Festival has more of the atmosphere of a neighborhood street dance.

The Northern Manitoba Trappers' Festival is also distinctive and what sets it off is the presence of the annual world championship dog derby, a 150-mile scramble over ice and snow that tests the skill and endurance of man and beast in the face of wind, snow and common sense. The prizes are substantial — $2 000 for first place — and what makes the contest doubly exciting is the fact that even the best team may be beaten by a momentary lapse, which can turn a smoothly pulling outfit into a jumbled mass of snarling dogs and tangled traces. The start of the race presents a fascinating spectacle as the teams form up, Siberian huskies, malemutes, Samoyeds and mutts wheel into line, some barking, some snarling, some pulling excitedly against the restraining ropes and a few old hands just lying there yawning. Then they're off, at spaced intervals, with shoulders hunched and heads down, ki-yiing across the snow to the barked commands of the musher — a running rebuke to the snowmobile, which is rapidly putting them out of business.

The Pas, an isolated northern community 438 miles northwest of Winnipeg, is most easily reached by air. Transair makes regular flights out of Winnipeg, and that airline will be happy to lay on travel and accommodation for you. Take plenty of warm, windproof clothing. The most exciting events are held outside, and the climate has been accurately described in a limerick:

In the town of The Pas
Manitoba,
It snows on the first of
Octoba,
From then for six months
It thaws only once,
And never when I am quite
soba.

Central Canada, in the pushy way of that region, has more going on in the winter than all the rest of the country combined. Ontario's winter calendar lists 48 winter carnivals, 39 snowmobile races, eight major ski meets, five badminton tournaments and 46 curling bonspiels. But for my money, some of the best events of the snowy season appear in no catalogue, are hustled by no huckster. For example, my idea of a really nifty winter weekend is to drift down to Ottawa, take in a show at the National Arts Centre, knuckle my forehead respectfully to a brace of mittened politicians puffing up Parliament Hill, and then go skating (like the cheerful folk above) along the canal, where the National Capital Commission not only keeps the ice clean, but sets up benches and huts for skate-changing, and stands where you can buy a cup of hot chocolate or a snack.

Or, take a trip on the Algoma Central Railway's snow train, out of Sault Ste. Marie. For $10 per adult (five for children), you can enjoy a daylong ride up the Agawa canyon, through some of the most entrancing winter scenery in the country, and nestle back in your chair, or linger over a meal in the dining car, reveling in the knowledge that the temperature just outside your picture window may be down to 40 below zero. For reservations — which you'll need — write to: The Traffic Department, Algoma Central Railway, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. The train runs Saturdays and Sundays from early January through late March.

Or, if you're willing to wait until winter is well advanced to celebrate it in style, take in one of the maple syrup festivals that mark sugaring-off time (a vaguely vulgar phrase) in Ontario and Quebec. The sight of a gathering wagon, like the one at left, rolling through the maples, the sound of the jingling harness and the snorting horses, and the sweet scent of the sap being rendered down to amber nectar are enough to quicken the pulse, fire the appetite and swell the heart of any Canadian. The finest treat of all, of course, comes when you pour a dollop of thick, hot syrup over the snow, chill it to taffy, ball it up and pop it into your mouth, and tell your dentist to go to hell. Plessisville, Que., and Elmira, Ont., hold annual maple festivals — the dates depend on the season, but the local chamber of commerce always knows well in advance. Plessisville is about 70 miles north of Sherbrooke, on Highway 5; Elmira is just north of Kitchener-Waterloo, on Highway 85.

They had a ball in the capital
With winter's many facets,
While bureaucrat and banker sat
Upon their frozen assets.



However, if a carnival is what you must have, pass up the much publicized Carnaval de Québec (it's fun, but expensive and anyway, darling, everybody, but everybody, has already been) and try the Carnaval-Souvenir at Chicoutimi, 130 miles north of Quebec City. Every year at carnival time the people of Chicoutimi dress, eat, drink and disport themselves in the manner of a century earlier. This winter's carnival, scheduled for February 14 to February 24, will follow the customs (but with a higher level of comfort) of 1874. Like every successful carnival, this one is crowded, and you will need to make hotel reservations early. Write to: Le Carnaval-Souvenir de Chicoutimi, Inc., 31 ouest rue Racine, Suite 202, Chicoutimi, Que.

And remember to take warm clothing for outside events.

Another winter celebration in Quebec well worth a visit is the annual Tommycod Fishing Festival at La Pérade, a village just east of Trois-Rivières, and roughly halfway between Montreal and Quebec City. The Tommycod, known locally as *les petits poissons des chenaux* (the little fish of the channels) start to move up the Ste. Anne river from the St. Lawrence about mid-December, which seems a sensible time to move, when no fishermen are about. But *les petits poissons* reckoned without the cunning fishermen of La Pérade and neighboring Batiscan, who simply knock holes in the ice and go after them through the holes. Decorating the runner-mounted wooden huts from which the fishermen work has become a highly developed local art, and, during the festival — scheduled for January 6 to February 9 this year — prizes are given for the most lavishly adorned huts, as well as for the best catch. La Pérade is a pretty little village with an honorable history. Madeleine de Verchères, the Indian-fighting heroine, lived here with her husband and is buried here. But the village is

more quaint than comfortable, and visitors may find it advisable to stay at Trois-Rivières and drive out for the festival

Skiing is an even bigger thing than holding festivals in French Canada, with an average annual snowfall of 120 inches, skiers can count on about three feet of snow cover from early December until late March in the prime areas Quebec has at least 110 ski centres (I say at least because more are being constantly created) of which one of the best known is at Ste Agathe, where they have, in addition to the ski slopes, a giant ice slide, at which the photo at right shows a busy day during the centre's annual winter carnival Ski facilities vary from cheap-but-comfortable to some of Canada's most expensive resorts, but the province puts out an excellent booklet to sort them all out by cost kind of slopes and accommodation. For a copy, write to: Province of Quebec Tourist Branch, 930 Chemin Sainte-Foy, Quebec 6, Que

Moving eastward into Atlantic Canada the tourist will find a distinct falling-off in the tempo of winter activities Perhaps because winter is kinder to the Maritimes — except in northern New Brunswick, and I am carefully excluding Newfoundland — there is not the same impulse to organize events to stave off the chill But if your plans send you eastward during winter, there are a number of activities worth a side trip

In Nova Scotia, for example, there is the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, which features country hoedowns, iceboating, and a colorful torchlight parade There is harness racing every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday in Halifax and excellent hockey regularly (the Nova Scotia Voyageurs won the Calder Cup in 1972) there is the Atlantic Symphony to listen to Neptune Theatre to watch excellent snowshoe and ski trails to travel (especially in the Wentworth Valley between Sackville, NB and Truro, NS) and the inevitable snowmobile rallies to attend

Skiing and snowmobiling are also popular in New Brunswick — although the snow can't always be relied on in the southern half of the province — and Saint John has a 2,000-acre recreational area in Rockwood Park that provides a plethora of skiing and skating facilities Speed-skating is a New Brunswick specialty Seward MacDonald, Director of Promotion for the City of Saint John explains that this is because "skating up the river used to be the fastest way to get around this province, and the tradition stuck." Charlie Gorman, a native who won the world championship in 1926, is honored by a statue in Saint John's city square park, and a legion of his imitators can be seen skimming around the rinks almost every weekend

In Prince Edward Island along with the regular skating, snowmobiling, ice fishing and cross-country skiing, there are harness races twice a week on the ice at the causeway just outside Charlottetown The races are held every Wednesday and Saturday, except when the weather is unspeakable and as you can see from the picture (above), are rousing affairs For those whose excitement threshold requires something stronger than pounding hooves, cracking whips and snorting horses in the snow there is a pari-mutuel booth at trackside, so you can lose your shirt along with your blues on the North River ice

While Newfoundland has only a modicum of organized winter events, that province's most attractive tourist asset is the incredibly casual hospitality of her people, and that knows no particular season Indeed, the odds are that Newfoundlanders, like other frontier Canadians are even nicer to strangers during terrible weather than they are on fine days

There are certain conventional midwinter events, however, and these inspire outbursts of unique Newfoundland gaiety Western Newfoundland gets a good annual snowfall, and skiing dominates the Corner Brook Winter Carnival The carnival usually occurs just as February turns to March Marble Mountain, which is a 12-minute drive from the town, rises about 1,800 feet above sea level, and has five slopes to challenge skiers of assorted levels of competence One slope is a mile long, with a drop of more than 700 feet Eastern Provincial Airlines offers ski packages to the Corner Brook area

Labrador City, a mining town (in Labrador, of course), has a zesty little winter carnival of its own and, in St John's Memorial University sponsors a carnival in February which includes parades, competition in snow and ice sculpture and, as one official puts it "quite a riotous time."

Easter week may be regarded as winter in Newfoundland, and one of the more exciting events in the province at that time is the annual provincial drama festival Theatre is stirring and blossoming in Newfoundland as vigorously as anywhere else in Canada Theatres in St John's, Gander, Corner Brook, Grand Falls and Labrador City all participate in the festival, and help confirm the theory that, in wintertime, drama is Newfoundland's second-most popular indoor sport

There are other midwinter activities in the category of When In Newfoundland, Do As The Newfoundlanders Do The trout season opens on January 15 Freakishly warm Februaries, in which you can fish with rod and line, occur now and then, but the usual method is ice fishing, and it's very good "Yes," says the tourist officer, "me and my friends might go up to the country any fine winter day and punch a couple of holes in the ice, and pull out a few."

The great and hauntingly barren tracts of this mysteriously beautiful province make for unforgettable cross-country skiing, and so many Newfoundlanders have found that their landscape provides terrific snowmobiling adventures that, for their own protection, their government is enacting some of the more intelligent snowmobiling legislation in Canada

Finally, the point to remember is that if you're willing to smile at people you think you don't know, it's almost impossible to have a rotten time in Newfoundland

With all of this going on from coast to coast, no Canadian has any excuse to sit around moping all winter for, as Nietzsche — to come back to that gloomy German — once said, "Is not life a hundred times too short for us to bore ourselves?" ■

From *vieux Québec* to Malapec,
When snowy storms are breakin'
C'est bien gentil as horse or *fille*
Comes bringing home the bacon.





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heathen uncrosses her legs, buys a copy of the *Bhagavad Gita* (the Hare Krishna's scriptures and an ancient Hindi text) and leaves with a gift of the rest of her rice and chapati wrapped in the unfoil it was served on.

The Hare Krishna is one of several religious organizations that have been born or revived to meet the rising demand for guidelines and significance. Another, the International Meditation Society (which follows the Beatles' Maharishi Mahesh Yogi) teaches people transcendental meditation. They say the meditation doesn't have to be directed to be effective, the act of meditating is of tremendous benefit in itself. Meditation is the cornerstone of all forms of mysticism. It is also being used as a form of therapy for such serious illnesses as epilepsy, asthma, migraine, high blood pressure and some heart problems.

But I don't like loose talk about transcending. Too often people say they're transcending when in reality they're beating their subconscious into stunted, apparent submission. Transcending isn't something you can trap or capture. It comes of itself. And I think that this is what has happened, to some extent, to my old friends John and Kathy Douglas.

John, 29, and Kathy 25, live over their Fifth Kingdom Bookshop which in turn lives in the once-condemned downtown house they renovated two years ago. Outside their picture window, a Tree of Heaven lifts its leafy arms to the dirty city sky, growing out of 50 square feet of soil somehow not claimed years ago by sidewalk. Inside are shelves and shelves of current stock. They move about 25 000 volumes annually of mystical, metaphysical, psychological and underground literature. They do all the ordering and stocking themselves, with the logical result that they absorb a great deal of knowledge. They also maintain a yellow-pages listing as astrologers.

John commiserates with me. "I gave a picture of Christ to a Hare Krishna once," he says. "The guy gave it back very politely, explaining that they could only hang pictures of Krishna. I said, 'But this is a picture of Krishna. And Buddha.' They don't understand that it's all one teaching, all splintered fragments of The Teaching."

We sit with tea in their flat upstairs, under the raftered 20-foot ceiling. See them on the street and call them all-Canadian. Kathy is a little shy. Her beautiful tan is a reminder of the five-month Moroccan sojourn from which they have just returned. John joined the Dharma Centre of Canada (which follows a Tibetan mystic named Namgyl Rimpoché) seven years ago, and since then they have both traveled to Greece and now Morocco in affiliation with the group. These aren't sightseeing tours. This last trip was five months of organized, intensive therapy and John calls it the high point of his life.

They did Kundalini yoga exercises every morning and engaged in massaging each other (to bring their bodies into tune) and primal scream therapy (in which members release their anxieties and "inner rage" through screaming). Later, as instructors, they developed a form of modified psychodrama (literally, theatrical acting-out of traumas) which they tentatively call Mandala Therapy. I'm continually impressed by them and they don't understand why.

"I don't really think of myself as a mystic," says John easily. "My 'mystical' studying began as a result of one of my two main interests in life—writing and music. I started writing poetry in high school and a friend turned me on to haiku. From there it was a short step to Zen Buddhist poetry and Taoist poetry. And from there, it was natural to get into our bookstore. Of course, it didn't happen that easily."

Kathy sits perplexed and tries to figure out what I'm after. Her interest in the spiritual side of life stems directly from her relationship with John, although it's gotten more intense since the beginning. She speaks up. "We don't have any one set of answers. I guess you have to embrace a specific school to have all the answers set out. I feel that faith is inborn, an inborn need."

"Our faith manifests itself in our doubt," declaims John. "Seriously though, there's no conscious direction happening. The general direction is toward the light. But not toward any stated goal [illegible] the idea of a sense of purpose implies ambitions."

I glance around the house I have seen stripped to the frame and entirely rebuilt, where a business started four years ago on a $4 000-$5 000 shoestring flourishes so well that its owners never have time to get to their farm, consider the studied simplicity of their lives and I remark to myself that it's wonderful what people can achieve, without ambitions.

For a world view of a similar philosophy, I pick up an interview with William Irwin Thompson, author of *At The Edge Of History* and until recently a professor of humanities at York University. He says it this way:

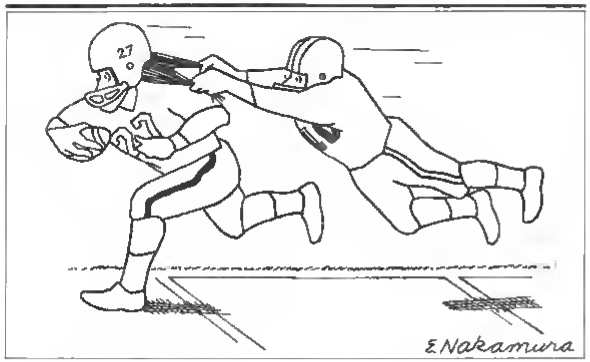
"If we're moving toward limited growth and toward staying in our place, doesn't that mean no more upward mobility. . . ? Some religions would say one can strive, but Zen would say even to strive is to miss the satori. The goal is being rather than becoming. This is again where I feel that the mystical movements are the most technologically sophisticated political movements now operating."

In other words, technology doesn't have to mean mechanics. Technology means skill. We need new skills, new directions, new politics. The new spiritualism is one form of communication that seems to offer the new commodities we need. It is for purely practical reasons that we must seek to reestablish ourselves in the balance of nature. Suddenly our scientists (not just our mystics) are warning that each beast, bug, fish, each green tendril has an ordained place in the scheme of things — and he who interferes with the scheme does so at his own risk. We must readjust our aims.

Father Malachi is 36, tall, with a full trim beard and tremendous presence. Originally an Irish Catholic, he is now one of the masters of the Toronto chapter of the Church of the Final Judgment (The Process), which includes a commune of 60 members in two houses, one of which holds a coffee shop/free store/free kitchen. He sits on the edge of a couch on the second floor, ducking the sun which pushes through the window to get into his eyes, talking with his hands.

He gets up for no obvious reason and opens the door. The young Processean bringing our coffee has just reached the

continued on page 56





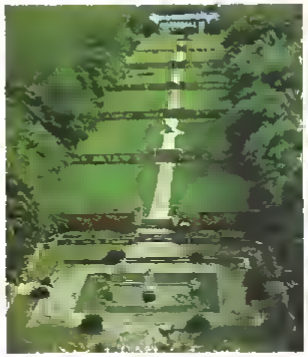
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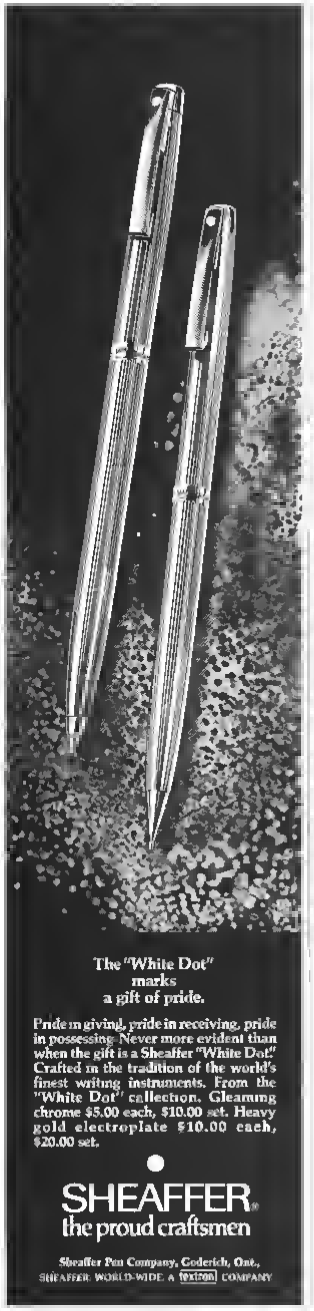
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top of the stairs Malachi chuckles and comes back to sit down, asking casually, "Do you believe in ESP?"

"*Do you believe in trees?*"

"Our goal in the Process is to increase awareness," he says as I receive the coffee gratefully. "We call the dark, destructive impulse 'Satan' to help people relate to these feelings within themselves. But names are unimportant. They're man-given. We teach that perfection means complete acceptance, because if something bothers you, if something is wrong, it's a reflection of something wrong in yourself. When you understand your foe, you control your relationship with him."

The Process, like many other religious groups, adheres to a regular daily schedule. Members rise at eight o'clock for morning assembly and then disperse for organizational and social work.

"You know," Malachi says, "at certain stages we're required to go out on the street as Messengers. I sometimes do it, just to keep in touch. But if you're out there regularly, from eleven to five every day, you talk to a couple of thousand people a year. And many days I've come home almost despairing, asking myself, 'How do people actually cope?' We also visit the prisons and mental hospitals and so forth. We try to help people understand how their choices affect their lives, to give them back their dignity."

By this time I've begun to grasp the pain that motivates some of the people who seek new religions. I get a shock when I go down to the Church of Scientology to take their personality test. I sign the guest book and am led up some stairs. Directly at the head of the stairs is a cashier's booth.

I glance at the other people taking the test and am hit forcefully with the realization that they are there, not out of curiosity as I am, but out of need. They have the quiet desperation of cancer patients in a doctor's waiting room. Scientology claims to heal souls.

The test is filled with loaded questions. I get the results from a young woman who has graphed my scores on a dramatic, well-designed chart which surrounds my lonesome wiggle with jagged-toothed shadows that seem poised to engulf it. I feel smug for a moment that I scored all in the white area. She informs me that I need help in communications, adding "Scientology can help anyone." Patronizingly. She tells me to take a $25 weekend course and pulls out a two-page waiver to sign. I demur. She raises her voice. I leave, fuming.

Storming down the dark city streets under the blue lights and trying to cool down from the weird, jangled, unpleasant vibrations, I remind myself with every step that a Scorpio can handle anything. If you can handle yourself, then you can handle anything.

A puppyish young man begins pacing me, briskly, and talking. He's very eager and very sincere and rather touching. He's talking so fast I can hardly make out his words against the traffic's roar. He lollops alongside for a block. I stop and turn to him. "I guess you're a Jesus Freak," I say. He is pleased with the recognition. I smile and touch his shoulder. I say, "I'm a witch." He folds up and blows away. They always do that.

He reminds me of my conversation with the Right Rev. N. Bruce McLeod, Moderator of the United Church, in his broadloomed highrise office with framed portraits of his predecessors staring dourly from the walls.

I remember him leaning back in his chair and clasping his hands before him. "Actually," he says. "I was taking Yoga classes last year. I got a lot out of it. . . . We cannot be alive to God and dead to each other. But God is also beyond us. . . . The Jesus Freaks have a commune close to my home church. They come over to talk to me quite often, and I'm glad. They're full of joy. Joy is a word that appears 150 times in the New Testament. But I also find the Jesus Freaks very narrow, very judgmental, and this bothers me. . . ."

The United Church of Canada was founded in 1925 with 600,000 members. By 1960, the number had risen to one million and has remained about the same ever since. (The Rev. Bruce McLeod was quick to point out that three million Canadians in the last census gave their religion as United Church.) The church holds many modern views on subjects such as Women's Liberation. It employs 89 women ministers and considers abortion to be a matter between the woman and her doctor and her partner.

"Oh yes," says Dr. McLeod, "I know many people who live in co-ed communal houses. I think the kids are handling sexuality very well, better than their elders think and probably better than their elders would themselves.

"Transcendental meditation? Oh, we have a lot to learn about that area. It can make people open themselves up. But I'm anxious that it can be used as a form of withdrawal. We were made to be joined together."

By this time I have spent more than three months talking to members of the different organizations and reading their material, and I still haven't joined any one of them. But I think I've got a glimmer of why others have. They've found a way out. For the moment.

So to Father Malachi, to the Hare Krishna singers, to John and Kathy Douglas, to all those who only now have begun to explore inner space — and to the beautiful old lady across the street — I say *Amen* ■

They just keep ticking and ticking and ticking and ticking and ticking and ticking and ticking and ticking and ticking and ticking for at least one full year. Then you just replace the tiny energy cell and they keep on ticking and ticking and ticking and ticking and ticking.

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THE THIRTIES from page 43

of it, and we both burst out laughing. Just picture it and we hugged each other then, still laughing. We became good friends.

I'll tell you what that Depression was like. It was survival of the fittest and I read my Bible more now than I ever did and I never read of hard times like that like we had in the middle of the Thirties. They was Dirty Thirties all right.

Here's how it was. Let me tell you. My boy and I were farming near Manyberries and it was dry-land farming. No irrigation. The wind blew all the time, from the four corners of the world. From the east one day, the west the next, and if you were working you didn't notice it too much but the women did. Ask my wife, but she's dead now, she said the wind used to make the house vibrate, and it was just a small wind, but there, always steady and always hot. A hot sucking wind. It sucked up the moisture. So this wind just blew and blew, and we had dust storms and times when we kept the lanterns lit all day.

And the dirt that was blowing away, that wasn't dirt, mister. That was my land and it was going south into Montana or north up toward Regina or east or west and it was never coming back. The land just blew away.

In 1933 I worked on a cattle boat for England, Liverpool, and the job of a bunch of us raunchy young buggers was to feed and water the cattle, keep them in good condition. In other words, get them there in market condition. It was long hours and there was no pay. You worked your passage, but nobody thought a thing about that. We loaded at Halifax, a load of good cattle from the Maritimes, Ontario, the Prairies.

I was on the dock and I got to talking with the foreman and I told him I was from the Prairies. Where? Well, all over, I said, but Moose Jaw's my hometown.

He said, "Well, look ye up there," and I did and the sun was sort of faded over by dirty clouds or something and he said, "That may be from your hometown." I didn't believe him at first, but it was prairie dust, or it was dirt from Kansas or Missouri or one of them states and the high, hot winds of that summer blew it east. This is no bull. That was prairie dust and if nothing makes you understand those days, that might.

Remember Sputnik watching? People used to go out at night and look at the heavens and try and spot that first Russian satellite. We used to go grasshopper watching. Southwest of Regina, where we had a farm. My kids won't believe me when I say this but the clouds of grasshoppers used to go over and it was like a great storm. They were in their millions, tens of millions, and where

continued on page 62

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they decided to stop all at once, then those farmers could just kiss that year's crop good-bye. If they had a crop.

We youngsters used to get pieces of glass, amber glass, like the color of beer bottle glass, and we'd hold that glass up to our eyes and look into the sun and watch the grasshoppers go by, high, high up there. There were millions, as I said, but you could almost make out each individual hopper through this glass and I tell you, I've never seen a more terrifying sight.

Nature on the loose, gone mad. In its own way it was beautiful too.

Now what was wrong with eating gophers? Cows we eat. What's the difference between a gopher and a red squirrel? I ask you. Sure, gopher pie. You'd send the kids out and they'd come home with 20, 30 or so, and you'd skin and clean them just like squirrels. Squirrels are a delicacy, ain't they? Paris sort of delicacy. You got a casserole dish and you lined it and then you laid down about eight strips of gopher because you got two strips of sides and belly meat off one of them. Then you laid a thin layer of sliced potatoes and some onions and then gopher and then a layer of potatoes and so on, and when you were ready you folded the dough over the top and put it in the oven. Some people put in sliced dried apples.

It was quite good, that gopher pie, but I always thought it was best if you told any visitors you were eating squirrel pie. You could make stews, too, of gophers.

There was nothing wrong with the meat, it was just the thought of it. But what is wrong with a gopher? Just the thought, that's it. Crab meat? Well, crabs live off other dead life under the water and a man once told me that when they brought up a body in Vancouver harbor once it had about 15 big crabs on it, just gobbling and greedy-gut away on it. I'll take gopher, thank you kindly.

I had this small truck farm way up out Yonge Street, a few good acres and I sold from a cart with a horse. I was working in my gardens one morning, it was spring and things were starting up again, and Mrs. Schreiber came over, with her three little kids, and she said, "Mr. Wozny, my children and I haven't had a thing to eat for two days. We are starving. Can we have something to eat?"

This was about 1934, around there, and this was Canada and my neighbor, a widow lady and three children, she said they were starving.

I got them into my house and I fed them, just taking cans and jars and things out of boxes and making a meal, a big meal, and they sat and ate an awful lot of it. We didn't talk but I was thinking that she was a nice lady, a widow,

continued on page 64

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and her kids were behaved and I was alone, didn't have no woman, and maybe she should marry me Maybe I should ask her I was doing okay

Then she got up and said thank you, and the kids all said thank you and they went home and I thought I'll wait until tonight and take a bunch of stuff over, eggs and bacon and peaches, and I'll sort of work my way around to find out at least what she might think of her marrying me So I took all this stuff over and there was nobody home The door was open so I put the stuff in the kitchen When I was walking home I met my other neighbor and I asked if he had seen Mrs Schreiber and he said he'd seen her and her three kids about noon walking down Yonge Street toward Toronto, and the widow and the oldest kid, about eight, each had a suitcase

I never saw them or heard of them again They just vanished into the city

R B Bennett said nobody in Canada was dying of starvation and if he meant like Biafra, kids with big bloated bellies, no, not that kind of starvation But I know one family which lost three children from hunger Lack of food, malnutrition, then diarrhea which they couldn't fight because they were so weak — and that to me is dying of starvation They were my sister's kids, and every day if Bennett is in hell I curse him a thousand times even today, and if he is in heaven, I curse him a thousand times and wish he was in hell I will do it until I die

Shirley Temple That's what I remember about the Thirties Shirley Temple dolls

Eaton's used to turn a big part of their store into a toyland at Christmas and that year the Shirley Temple year, they had these dolls along one end of the toyland There must have been hundreds of these dolls, and they weren't cheap Nine to about $16, I'd say, and $16 was a lot more than some families got in a month for relief

They moved girls from all over the store down to toyland for about six weeks before Christmas and I was one that year We worked well we had to be there at eight-thirty, doors opened at nine, and sometimes we were on our feet for 14 hours a day except for half an hour lunch and if we had to go to the women's room All for seven dollars a week

Oh yes, these dolls I'd stand there and watch the faces of those little girls from about four or five right up to about 11 Some used to come at opening time and just stand there looking at those pink-cheeked golden-haired lovely Shirley Temples Little faces, they needed food You could see a lot who needed a pint of milk a day a thousand times more than they needed a Shirley doll They'd stare for hours We tried to shush them away but it didn't do any good They'd go once around toyland and be back This, mind you went on day after day, day after day, until some of the girls thought they would go crazy One girl had a crying fit just over that those hundreds of poor kids who would never own a Shirley Temple doll in 100 years One day I had this crazy notion that I would give Shirley dolls away to the kids, here, little girl, this is for you, and here's one for you, and this big one is for you, darling That sort of thing I thought I'd do it until I was caught and then I'd plead insanity I never did, of course

Those six weeks with those goddam dolls were the worst I ever put in, easy at first but sheer torture at the end, all those big and yearning eyes staring at you I wonder if Shirley Temple ever realized the misery those dolls must have



Farmers giving up and moving out

caused children all over the world? I suppose she's never even thought of it.

People did some pretty strange things Almost as if some sort of madness had a hold of them

There was this family named Thompson across the street and the father died They hung a black wreath on the front door and, well, that sure impressed the kids in the neighborhood

The day of the funeral, when nobody was at home because they were all at the funeral, some of us kids saw a man go up the walk of the Thompson house and stand there He was pretending to ring the doorbell, I guess, and then we saw him slip that wreath under his coat and walk away We followed him on our bikes, just kind of goofing along, and he went around the corner and over a couple of blocks and into a house and then he came out and hung the wreath on his own door I told my Dad and he checked and found out the man's wife had died the night before

She's a sunny morning and we've got our shirts off sitting on top of a boxcar in a hole just east of Calgary and this other freight from Vancouver comes along to go by us and she stops and there is my kid brother Billy — sitting large as life and twice as ugly not six feet from me

I say, "Hi Billy, how's the folks?" and he says "I don't know, haven't seen 'em for some time," and he says, "Where you headed?" and I told him I was going into the Okanagan Valley for the summer and he gets up and says, "I just came from the Coast but it's pretty country through there so I'll go along back with you Somebody's got to look after you," and he jumps across, with hardly a thought, turning right around, back the way he'd come

That's the way we were in them days, in the Thirties Coming from nowhere going nowhere Like gypsies

There was this old lady in Calgary, they called her Mother Melville, and she used to go down to the hobo jungle on the Bow River and she'd have a purse full of envelopes Envelopes with stamps on them and a sheet of paper inside each one and she'd go among the guys, all these guys riding the rods, and she'd hand out these envelopes and say, "Write your mother, son, please write her just a line or two She's worried, I know " After Mother Melville had gone through, you'd see 15 or 20 guys sitting around, passing a pencil around, writing notes home

The trouble is, of course, that children of the Depression rarely realize their true potential because the experience of it glued them to the safe way

Myself, I would quit my job right now and take a whack at something I like better but I dasn't because, deep down I figure we're overdue for another grasshopper plague See, that's Depression thinking

If you want to know how your mother, if she was old enough, got through the Depression, just look in the refrigerator If it is full of junk saucers with a few leftover sliced carrots or tomatoes, little jars with pickles that have been there a month slices of fatty roast beef that not even a hungry dog would eat, then she was through the Depression and her family wasn't well off Probably poor

You never threw anything away.

Keep Save Don't throw away You never know when you'll need it Make every cent count Eat your crusts they make your hair curly Finish your porridge don't you know there are starving children in China who would love to eat what you've got there? That kind of stuff

Sometimes they pinch a nickel until the beaver on it screams, and you want to scream, too It's not their fault The times were so hard, and food was so scarce for some that most people just got into the saving routine The habit

Mother, I know, went through hell in those days, and the funny thing is she

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wasn't the one who actually did the saving, the putting away, the hoarding of little bits of food. It was her mother. My grandmother. She just picked it up from her as a girl. Well, here's where the chain stops. With me. Here.

I used to try to tell my kids what it was like out there in the Ontario bush in the Depression, because I felt they should know, that everyone should know *everyone*, but it was no use.

I told them about my little brother, their Uncle Donald, going to school his first year and the teacher enrolling him as Donalda, as a girl, and thinking he was a girl for months because the only clothes he had to wear were the hand-me-downs from my sisters and me. When I told them that, they laughed so hard they rolled on the floor, so I said, "Never again." There is just no way to make them understand.

Can I put it this way, my way?

I was 14 on the home farm near Swift Current in those days and I didn't know things were that bad, but years later I read that between 1929 and 1933 the value of farm produce in Saskatchewan dropped 94%. That's not out of a hat. That is a statistic.

My own common sense told me to pull up stakes and leave, and I heard I could get a job in the Baldwin shops in Montreal. Who was buying locomotives in '33? And in the same report, years later, I found that 34% of all employable men in Montreal that year were on relief. I tell that to my grandchildren and they listen respectfully, but you see they think the old geezer's a bit of a nut.

I hear the boys: he's 16, ask his mother to give him five dollars. He wants to take his girl to a show, or for a ride. His dad's car. I tell his mother that five dollars in those days was half the relief, it was $10, to feed a family of five in Saskatchewan, summer or winter, and she says, "Oh, Pa. I know. Sure, I understand but the kids don't." You see, she's telling me to shut up. Well, it's her house, I guess. I'm just part of the furniture.

I'm proud of what I did in the Depression. I didn't have to eat grass, as the saying went. I always worked and I made nothing in wages, but I kept going and it made me tougher. It made us all tougher. It affected every man jack of us. You can see it on my face and I'm not being dramatic. I couldn't, even if I wanted to be.

It is important to me that people know that I was in that time, that I did my share. It's like a badge to me, you know, a ribbon saying I was there. Like in a war. There were bad times, very bad times, and there were good times and we survived. Yes, by the Lord Harry, it was a war and we survived it. Our battle flags still flying. ■

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DUPUIS from page 29

were presiding over a church bazaar

The presence of the handicapped and the missionary tone of the literature crystallize a sense of recognition in my mind, this is the atmosphere of revival meetings, of mass public worship, the politics of miracle workers

Dupuis' arrival confirms the image. The new keeper of the Créditiste faith appears riding in the back of his white Mercedes. His aides follow in other cars. With appropriate coincidence, the song *Here Comes The White Man* is coming over the loudspeaker.

He leaves his car quickly, a small, pudgy man with long Indian-black hair, eager to begin the work of the day. Although he has often talked of his "reluctance" to return to politics, one has only to see him like this in the midst of a crowd, to know that he loves every step of the campaign trail. Close up, he lacks the smooth gloss of his publicity posters, but he has the manner of a man who expects applause and usually gets it.

A few minutes after his arrival, Dupuis is surrounded by the crowd. Everyone here is anxious to see him, to touch him, to shake his hand. Dupuis rises to the occasion. He is expansive, jovial, familiar with the men, respectful with their wives, tender with their children. Each hand is clasped and held firmly, each comment receives a reply. Dupuis' voice is his greatest asset and he uses it, like an actor, to embellish the most ordinary platitudes. Although he is not making a speech today, the power of his voice vibrates amidst the crowd.

As he advances, his family falls behind and he is alone in the midst of his followers who are reaching toward him. There is no hysteria, no apparent excesses of emotion, just the gentle undulations of a crowd stirred by hope and gratitude. He moves among them radiating conviction, energy, determination. Dupuis has found his people, who, at last, have found the leader they deserve.

Near me I notice two old men preparing to greet Dupuis. They have been sitting in a car these last two hours, waiting and talking. The day is warm and they are in shirtsleeves. Now they put on their jackets and caps, and walk over to Dupuis. They shake his hand, talk for a minute, and return to the car where once again their coats and caps come off. Tradition and respect for authority are bred into them, and they bow with the reflex of their fathers submitting to the seigneur, the "boss," the parish priest.

It is time for the sugaring off. The temperature is near 80 degrees, and I have been wondering how the syrup will be cooled. The answer arrives with a truckload of snow brought down from the mountains earlier in the day. The snow is packed into troughs and the syrup is poured onto it from large metal canisters. It is delicious but hard to capture as it trickles to our feet with the melting snow. The ground turns muddy and slippery. People begin to drift away to a nearby school bus converted into a "patate-frite" stand, where the refreshments are more conveniently obtained. Dupuis, after an obligatory lick of the syrup, disappears inside to be interviewed by the local press.

The crowd is beginning to thin out. Some are going home, others are moving inside for the "danse d'orchestre." As I leave, I notice part of Dupuis' entourage gathered around the trunk of a car where a bar has been improvised. The local people keep a distance from this little island of exclusivity. They are more comfortable inside, drinking beer and listening to the Marticotte sisters.

Dupuis has given me an appointment in the city. His office is at the foot of St. Lawrence Street, in restored Old Montreal. The area bristles with expensive chic and historical plaques. At the corner of the building which houses Dupuis' enterprises is the restaurant Chez Louis Seize – disco, salon, piano, bar. We are a long way from traditional Créditiste territory.

Créditisme arrived in Quebec in the mid-1930s at a time of great social and economic difficulty. It thrived in the rural areas and small towns of Quebec, among people who saw themselves as discards of social and economic progress. Here, in the forgotten corners of the province, the monetary reform theories of Major Clifford Hugh Douglas, a Scottish engineer, mated enthusiastically with the traditional values of a semi-feudal, Catholic society. Créditisme became an outlet for the backlash against increasing modernization and industrialization of Quebec society.

Although the movement was originally called the Union des Electeurs in Quebec, it was from the beginning more a religious crusade than a political party. Its leaders saw themselves as prophets rather than politicians. They struggled not just for votes, but to save their people from the dangers of an international alliance of Jews, Freemasons and Communists. Their aim was nothing less than total social reform.

In 1957 the Union des Electeurs was replaced by the Ralliement des Créditistes, formed by Réal Caouette and Laurent Legault, who felt that the movement should focus more specifically on winning votes and political power. The party succeeded in attracting between one quarter and one fifth of the Quebec vote, still concentrated among the poorly educated, deprived segments of Quebec society. It never achieved the widespread support the Social Credit party enjoyed in Alberta or BC.

Dupuis' accession to the leadership of the Créditistes marks a new phase in the development of the movement. More worldly than any of its former leaders, he comes to the party from a background that includes experience as a former cabinet minister in the Pearson government, a newspaper publisher, businessman and, lately, host of an immensely popular open-line program. He enters the electoral race with very favorable odds, his supporters and even some of his critics, believe that he has

continued on page 70



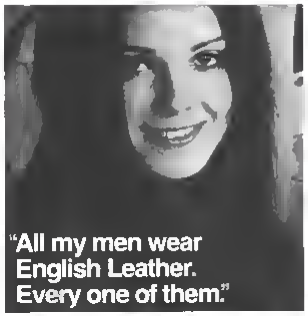
In th'old days son come hibernating time they'd just gather a few spruce boughs

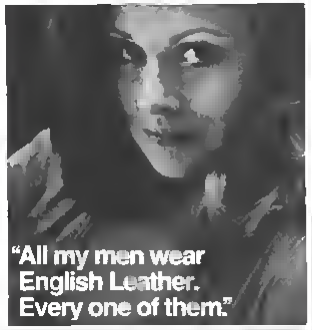
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the ability to attract the substantial vote that used to go to the now moribund Union Nationale party. Voters in Quebec are trading in their allegiances to the old parties, and Dupuis has every intention of dazzling them along their route of indecision.

Since his election in February, he has taken the Créditiste message to urban middle-class audiences. In the process of making Créditisme respectable he may be changing a relatively harmless, ineffective social anachronism into a serious political party. To achieve this, Dupuis has been relying heavily on his public style perfected and refined during his years as a radio hot liner. Like a ventriloquist, he can throw his emotions with perfect verisimilitude. Dupuis has the added advantage of not being a true Créditiste. Unlike his predecessors he does not seem particularly interested in popularizing the monetary reform theories of Social Credit. Instead, he reserves his verbal energy for social and political aphorisms, tried and tested in his years on the hot line. Like a wise oracle he knows what his audiences fear, and by inciting their anger he provides them with an easy cathartic release.

Born in Montreal, October 11, 1926, of an Irish mother and a French-Canadian father, Yvon Dupuis grew up in an atmosphere where politics invaded every conversation. His father, Hector Dupuis, was an aide to Montreal mayor Camillien Houde, and in 1950 was elected to the House of Commons. Prominent political figures of the Thirties and Forties were frequent and casual visitors to the Dupuis home.

His own taste for politics budded in 1945. "I was asked to take the PC side in a debate at my school, Ecole Normale. I went to the library to read up about the Liberals so that I could say nasty things about them. To my surprise, I discovered that I agreed with what I was reading. Laurier in particular impressed me. His ideas, his mentality, were mine. I switched sides in the debate and won."

Dupuis' future political career was to prove he had found a prophetic formula.

In 1952, at age 26, he became the youngest deputy ever elected to the provincial assembly. Despite his youth, he wasn't content to remain a silent backbencher. He shrewdly recognized that his quickest road to recognition lay in attacking "le grand Chef," Maurice Duplessis, and in provoking him to public outbursts of anger.

One day, as Duplessis spoke in the assembly, in the hush that prevailed even among members of the opposition, Dupuis interrupted repeatedly. Duplessis tried to brush him off by remarking that "the young deputy from Sainte-Marie is behaving like a schoolboy." This brought Dupuis to his feet. "The PM does not have the right to call me the young deputy. He should refer to me as the honorable deputy. After all, I don't call him a little old man."

In the repressive atmosphere that surrounded Duplessis at the height of his power, this remark was considered appallingly shocking, and was consequently relished by all the newspapers. Dupuis' role as *enfant terrible* began to be institutionalized.

In 1958, Dupuis moved from provincial politics to Ottawa and the notoriety and publicity attending him expanded to fit the larger arena of federal politics. In Ottawa his extravagant behavior seemed even more bizarre than it had in Quebec. He was labeled "the Caouette of the Liberal party," and considered an embarrassment to his colleagues.

However, when election time came around in 1963 the Liberals recognized in Dupuis their most likely match for Réal Caouette and his brand of revivalist oratory. Dupuis pursued the Créditistes across Quebec, reviling them with burlesque parody. He painted them as crackpots or feebleminded hillbillies, crowning his act with a moment of high theatrics as he threw piles of "funny money" into the air. These tactics succeeded in reducing the Créditiste caucus from 26 to 13 seats.

Dupuis recalls this period with appropriate repentance. When he speaks to Créditiste crowds these days, he is given to humble public confessions of his past political sins. In Drummondville, for example, Dupuis reviewed for an audience of Créditiste militants the days when he was charged with the task of "exterminating" Social Credit. "Caouette called me a big nothing then, and he was right." After the applause stopped, he continued: "It's true. I fought in the ranks of a party that didn't deserve my presence."

Yet, at the time, it seemed that Dupuis was finally enjoying his party's favor. As a reward for sabotaging the Créditiste campaign, he was named to the Pearson cabinet as minister without portfolio. His success was short-lived. Two years later he became involved in an influence-peddling scandal, known in Quebec as "La Bombe Dupuis."

Dupuis was accused of accepting a $10,000 bribe from a chiropractor and racetrack promoter, Roch Deslauriers, in return for a racetrack concession. After weeks of rumor and speculation in the local press, which ran photographs of the two men and their wives engaged in gay Saturday night sociability, Dupuis was charged with influence peddling and sent to trial.

The trial itself was marked by confusion and melodrama. Deslauriers' mother testified for her son, while Dupuis' wife was carried out in a dead faint from the courtroom. Dupuis him-

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self frequently burst into tears during his testimony and, in spite of his claim that he was the victim of a frame-up he was convicted and sentenced to one year in prison or a $5,000 fine. But, a new trial reversed the verdict and acquitted him.

The stage was now set for a new Yvon Dupuis to emerge. Physically he grew thinner, his manner became softer and more restrained, and he acquired all the dignity of a man who saw himself as a public martyr. Seeking renomination in his old riding of Saint-Jean, he invoked the theme that was to follow him in the future like a discreet halo. "For eight months they have dragged me in the mud, dirtied my name, flagellated me, crucified me, without judging me. Will you throw me out like a lemon peel once the juice has been squeezed?"

His constituents at that time rejected his plea for vindication, and Dupuis now says that he wasted no time in bitterness or self-pity. "I believe in ultimate justice. The truth will always out. My only regret is that my father did not live to see me cleared."

For a while Dupuis continued to cling to his political career. He ran as an independent Liberal and lost. He then tried to promote his wife as a candidate, but eventually it seemed that he had resigned himself to the fact that his career in politics was irrevocably compromised. It now appears more likely that he merely changed directions to begin the long road back.

He began modestly enough with a small business set up in the basement of his home, which offered reproduction services for legal documents. The idea had come to him during his trials when he had been appalled by the number and cost of the documents required for each trial. The business grew into a large and profitable enterprise with assets estimated to be worth more than a million dollars. Dupuis sold out in the fall of 1972 to a member of his family.

But this activity, successful as it was, was not enough for a man who admits "a need to be in touch with the public." He renewed contact first through a political column in a daily newspaper, *Le Journal de Montréal*, appropriately titled, "La verité sort des puits," or Truth rises from the pit. In 1968, he joined station CKVL in Montreal as the host of an open-line program. In 1971 he moved on to a more important station, CKAC, where he gained in both popularity and notoriety.

As the commentator of a hot-line program, Dupuis' success was inevitable. Patiently he listened to the woes of housewives, the old, the sick, the unemployed. Then, with great skill, he would stoke their anger and direct their hostility against his favorite bêtes noires. In their name, he ranted and raved against socialism, strikes, revolutionaries, sex education, abortion, women who worked and school reform. In effect, he was assuming the role of the powerful parish priests whose hold over their flocks had loosened in the last decade in Quebec. Dupuis offered his large audience daily confession and the absolution of his anger. They tuned him in faithfully. When he was ready to return to politics, they became his constituency.

Dupuis and Réal Caouette had met some 10 years earlier. Although at that time they behaved in public as bitter enemies, beneath their different political affiliations they were soul brothers. As they flung insults at each other during the 1963 election, they recognized an affinity that was to end in political partnership. For all that Caouette called Dupuis "le gros jambon," the big ham, he recognized Dupuis' fanatical following in Montreal as a powerful political asset. More a politician than a believer himself, Caouette realized that Dupuis could achieve what previous Créditiste leaders had failed to win – a Créditiste breakthrough in urban areas. By 1970



I switched sides and won

when the Créditistes decided to form a provincial wing, Dupuis was Caouette's choice for leader.

But they made their move prematurely. The story goes, and it has haunted Dupuis ever since, that while Caouette was setting the stage for his surprise Dupuis waited out of sight, in a toilet, for an acclamation that never came. The old-time Créditistes remembered his previous witch-hunting and they greeted his name with boos and hisses. They preferred to give their support to a traditional preacher of the faith, Camil Samson.

Dupuis now denies the story. "I was not in the toilet, I was in the cloakroom. I did not want to come in because I was not a candidate. How can you say they rejected me when I was not running?"

Immediately after this failure, he began to work at winning support among Créditistes. He carefully upheld the Créditiste line on all major issues. Créditiste leaders became frequent guests on his radio program. In 1971 he founded an unusual newspaper, *Le Defi*, which became another forum for extreme right-wing ideas. It was supposed to be made up entirely of unsolicited letters to the editor – "the only paper written by the people for the people" – which were remarkably unanimous in praising Dupuis and his ideas. In the April 1973 issue, for example, one Hormidas Thibodeau expressed the general mood of the paper. "M. Dupuis is a man sent by God. He has the courage to save the people of Quebec."

At the second provincial Créditiste convention, in 1973, Dupuis was organized to win. He launched a hard-driving campaign to sign up supporters before the deadline. Many of them had no previous association with the party and they were bussed to the convention and lodged there at Dupuis' expense. In fact, his lavish use of funds earned him the accusation of Armand Bois, another candidate, that he was being financed by Mafia interests.

But Dupuis could no longer be stopped. It was obvious from the start of the convention, when Bois was introduced by a man who lost his dentures while making the presentation, that Dupuis' slick organization would win.

Even after the victory, there were numerous charges of corruption from within and without the party. The Montreal *Star*, for example, ran a typical comment on the convention: "His people were not Créditistes despite the fact that they carried cards to prove it. They were lately recruited bodies to fill a convention hall, fingers to mark ballots and minds laundered to think only of Dupuis." Many old-time Créditistes left the convention, bitter and disillusioned. It seemed to them that their ideal had been turned into a political machine to grab power, manipulated by a man with no respect for their values.

Dupuis denies division within the party and says that his attackers have no proof. "I asked the municipal police to look into some of the charges being made. They found nothing."

I ask him about a photograph in *Québec-Presse*, showing its editor, Gérald Godin, voting twice with delegates' cards he found lying around. Annoyed, Dupuis leans forward. "Godin was just looking for a way to make us look ridiculous. Look, if I invite you to my house would you get down on the floor looking for dirt? Godin was our guest at the convention. His behavior was dishonest."

There is no doubt that for the present Dupuis is firmly enthroned at the head of the Créditiste movement. Those who object to him are mostly from an older generation, and time is on his side. Dupuis already refers to the convention as if it were an event in the distant historical past. He does not see himself as a new leader, but as *the* leader, who will give the movement new life, new direction, and guide it to power.

With ritualistic compliance, Dupuis

continued on page 76

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describes the reign of Créditiste power as a regime of high democracy and respect for the individual. Once these obligatory reverences are out of the way, he gets down to specifics.

"Yes, I believe in democracy, but it must be a strong democracy, not a license for all sorts of abuses of the law. I believe in liberty for the individual, but not when it interferes with the defense of private enterprise. I'm ready to fight for private enterprise. I believe in the democracy of the capitalist system."

In line with this position, Dupuis' program includes identity cards for every Quebec citizen. The promise to protect the unionized worker from union terrorism. A necessary purge of the press, the CBC, and the school system in particular, to prevent them from imposing unsavory ideas on their captive audiences. "Government has not only the right but the duty to see that school is a place of propriety, healthy morality, and equilibrium. I'm not narrow minded, but all the same, sex education for little kids 12 and 13, or even seven- and eight-year olds – that's disgusting. The first sexologue who'll walk around with a mirror when I'm in power, I'll ..." He does not finish his threat but one gets the feeling that it would not pay to be a "sexologue" in Dupuis' Quebec.

Dupuis believes that nationalism must begin with the family. "The French-Canadian race can only be saved if first of all we get down to making children and then to turning them into men who will be able to pick up where we left off." As an encouragement, he would offer every young couple $2,000 after their marriage. If the wife stays home and takes care of the children the money is a gift; if she goes to work, the couple must return it. There will also be no subsidized nurseries or day care centres. "The role of women in society is to continue the race, perhaps even to save it. No one can take the place of the mother in the home."

These policies are tempered, however, with more liberal measures. Dupuis' platform promises a guaranteed annual income, a referendum to settle the independence issue, help for the aged, the sick, the infirm, support for farmers and protective legislation for the French language.

Since his election Dupuis has been taking his crusade to every corner of the province. Wherever he speaks, before Chambers of Commerce, social, occupational and ethnic clubs, he manages to draw audiences that go beyond the usual crowds of Créditiste faithful. There is no doubt that the timing of his arrival on the political scene works in his favor. Coming to prominence at a time of external calm and superficially diagnosed apathy in Quebec, he has provided a badly needed "Happening," fresh material for commentary and speculation. His personal success is being hailed as the expression of a right-wing backlash brought about by the "excesses" of the left. People who would ordinarily be appalled by his statements derive a certain comfort from the way he has been going after left-wing "troublemakers," and others of their kind.

There is also in Liberal circles a certain sense of satisfaction that Dupuis' rise may damage the PQ, since both parties compete for the same protest vote. Whatever his strength may be, it is already being touted in editorials as a kind of warning against rapid social change and as a barometer of a new conservatism in Quebec. At the same time, the May 1 march, sponsored by the PQ, the unions and various left groups, drawing the largest crowds in the history of Quebec, is not considered relevant.

Dupuis is well aware of the forces working in his favor. Although he claims to attack all parties, his harshest words are for the PQ. Instead of confronting the government in power, he has spent most of his verbal energy in carrying on a personal vendetta with René Lévesque. He has repeatedly offered, for example, to fight Lévesque "in man-to-man combat" in any county Lévesque might choose. He has gloated publicly ever since he made it known, with great fanfare, that one of Lévesque's brothers would run in the next election as a Créditiste. It's not surprising that some of his critics accuse him of being in secret alliance with the Liberals, a collaboration that would be in both their interests since it could increase the Liberal majority, fragment PQ support, thus leaving Dupuis with the balance of power.

When I ask him about this, he of course dismisses the idea. "I don't see the PQ as our opposition. They've been losing ground steadily since 1970. Their image was tainted by those events. Our star is rising. We have hundreds of new members every week. It's obvious people are behind us, in the cities as well as in the country. Our critics say that we will become the official opposition, which means that we'll be in power." He says these words with hypnotic intensity, and it's easy to see why crowds lulled by his voice forget to ask him questions.

Leaving his office I notice a portrait of Pierre Laporte and beneath it this inscription: "If you can see your life's work destroyed and, without saying a word, set yourself to rebuilding it, you will be a man." I want to ask him about it, but he has already turned his attention elsewhere. People are waiting to see him, he is reminded of appointments to be kept, phone messages to be returned. He handles it all with the discipline of a fighter training for a championship. In one way or another he has been running for the big prize all his life ■

YOUR VIEW

Yoo gotta be kiddin'

As a former Canadian and resident of Toronto for many years, I was surprised and disgusted at Heather Robertson's *Canada, alive and well on the wireless* (August).

If she had an argument over whether there is a Canadian language — an accent and set of expressions which are recognizable as "Canadian" — the pronunciation of the word "been" would verify that there is, but the slang expressions supposedly used by Peter Gzowski in dialogue with Danny Finkleman certainly do not represent the conversations I have heard by Canadians, either on radio or in person.

I listen to Foster Hewitt describe hockey and other well-known individuals on CBC, but have never heard anything like what she likes to describe as "recognizably Canadian." What she describes might be a conversation between two American gangsters. If it is typical Canadian, then the language must have changed drastically from when I last visited Toronto, not so long ago.

I knew Peter Gzowski's grandfather and his father, and if Peter talks as described I am sure they would turn over in their graves.

ROY B. NORDHEIMER, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

P.S. I am sure that the members of our Canadian Club in Chicago will be much amused by the article.

That strike went foul

As an American and a baseball fan, I resent Roy MacGregor's article on baseball — *Losing out on the joy of losing* — in your September issue. He states, "Baseball was never intended for grown-ups. That, presumably, is why the Americans are so fond of it." He continues ". . . we, fortunately, have never got into that obsession for statistics on RBIs, ERAs, saves . . ."

While watching the 1971 Stanley Cup play-offs, my Canadian brother-in-law had just finished haranguing me on how we Americans ruined sports with our "obsession" for statistics when Danny Gallivan stated that Bobby Orr was the first defenseman to ever score three goals in one game during the play-offs. He also stated that an Indian defenseman had once scored three goals in one all-Canadian finals before 1900, but, of course that was several years before the NHL had come into existence.

Congratulations, Bobby!

SAMMUEL SCOPA, GRANBY, QUE.







HOCKEY from page 33

Jacques Lemaire, Syl Apps Jr., Dave Keon, Walt Tkaczuk, Jean Ratelle, Darryl Sittler, Garry Unger, Mikita, Larry Pleau, Tommy Williams, Jim Harrison. Chicago Black Hawks' first move on acquiring Dale Tallon from Vancouver this summer was to announce he would no longer play any defense, but centre ice exclusively – perhaps to see if he can live up to the position.

That television has never pounced on the scent of new trends has been to the medium's everlasting discredit. The fan loses confidence and the commentators are usually treated as parodies by the more knowledgeable fans. It's a little like having Walter Winchell narrate a movie like *The French Connection*. More a distraction than a service.

There is perhaps both irony and retribution in the fact that television provided hockey with the impetus to expand, fishing for lucrative advertising markets to the south. "The price for television was expansion," wrote Bruce Kidd and John Macfarlane in their book, *The Death Of Hockey*, "and expansion has done more to damage the game than anything else."

How very sad. how very true.

Detractors of contact sports such as hockey and football call the games "lower forms of entertainment." In the lower forms of life in the animal world, there is a peculiar disease that afflicts one-celled creatures, making them victims of their own compulsion to grow. A flaw develops within, and the digestive forces are unable to differentiate between food and the creature's own body. It consumes itself. Autolysis.

Still, I'm not convinced autolysis has set in irrevocably on the NHL. Expansion is the potential flaw, but not simply due to a thinning out of available talent. There's room in North America for many more teams than the old standard half dozen. Expansion would have worked had the teams been made equal partners in a new enterprise, not kittens invited to come and tussle with the lions. Twenty-four teams by 1980 is the current long-range forecast of the National Hockey League, and this is frightening if only because the present setup allows the poor teams to sell or trade their future opportunities in the junior draft. Had a rule forbidding the exchange of draft choices been instituted immediately in 1967, when the NHL began drafting juniors at age 20, all today's troubles might have been avoided.

Sam ("a deal you can't refuse") Pollock, the general manager of the Montreal Canadiens, has been the brightest exploiter of this basic flaw. Montreal, with the league's finest farm system, has players sitting on the bench who would be playing regularly for any other team.

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in the league. Expendable talent. And Godfather Sam uses this excess talent to barter future draft choices away from the lesser teams. His logic is simple: offer a very good, active NHL player to a losing team in exchange for superb upcoming draft choices. The down-in-the-dumps team wants winners today, and Pollock gives them some slight hope for the time being, though in the long run Sam gains a near monopoly on upcoming talent. He has owned the first draft choice of the California Golden Seals for several years running. Back in 1971, realizing it would be to his advantage to have the Seals finish last again, so he could get first crack at Guy Lafleur, the top junior of the year, Pollock practically gave star centreman Ralph Backstrom to the Los Angeles Kings. Backstrom was aging, and expendable, but he pulled the Kings just above the Seals, making sure Lafleur fell prey to the Canadiens. At last June's junior draft, Sam had manoeuvred his way into owning *seven* of the first 20 draft selections. Had the no-trade rule been in force, Montreal would have qualified for only *one* of the top 20, plenty enough for a powerhouse like the Canadiens.

But Pollock had become too powerful by this summer, and things began backfiring on him — through no fault of the NHL, by the way. Graduating juniors began to realize what it meant to be picked up by Sam and the Canadiens: a year or so in the minors, a few years warming benches and then perhaps a chance. With other teams the chance to play regularly was guaranteed. Brilliant rookie Peter Marrin of last year's Toronto Marlboros elected to abandon Sam, who'd grabbed Marrin as his second choice, and instead went to the Toronto Toros of the WHA. Pollock has worked within the rules, but when such rules exist, and they are used in such a way, it can only lead to the undermining of the whole league.

That a more balanced league is possible is shown in the success this past year of the World Hockey Association. Back in 1971, two brainy and well-tanned gamblers out of California, Dennis Murphy and Gary Davidson, proposed a new league entirely, one that would deliberately set out to establish balanced teams. In the fall of 1972, in the same month that one of the NHL's two new franchises, the New York Islanders, began their first season, so also did the New York Raiders and 11 other teams of Murphy's and Davidson's new World Hockey Association.

The Islanders were a pathetic team, winning only 12 of 78 games, and for that privilege owner Roy Boe paid six million dollars to the NHL, *plus* a five million dollar "gesture" to the NHL's New York Rangers, simply for infringing upon their grounds. It cost Boe $11 million to ice a team made up of players who *all together* scored only as many goals in their last NHL season as had Boston's Phil Esposito (66).

Boe paid 440 times what it cost Dick Wood, president of the New York Raiders, to join the WHA ($25,000). They got virtually the same team, since both finished last in their divisions. And in the long run, the Raiders (now called the Golden Blades) probably have just as good a chance of surviving as a big league franchise as do the Islanders.

According to Mike "Shakey" Walton, the hyper ex-Boston Bruin, the players in the NHL stopped thinking of the WHA as a passing fad by last Christmas. Crowds were turning out. The brand of hockey wasn't *that much* below NHL hockey. The pay was nothing if not incredible. And the players who had jumped were saying they liked it. The WHA was here, solid and to stay, no longer looming in the distance solely as a frozen pasture for old men or a fantasy for young talents who couldn't cut the big time. The World Hockey Association became a workable alternative, a Way Out. Walton, a young player good enough to have made the old six-team NHL, had no qualms about deserting what he calls the "prestige league." Minnesota Fighting Saints of the WHA will pay Walton about $500,000 over the next three years. "I felt I had to do the best for myself and my family."

Of all competing leagues begun in various sports over the past several years, the World Hockey Association has gained credibility the quickest. In one year the new league went from neo-vaudeville (in their first draft they claimed 1,082 players, from the top stars of the NHL to Wendell Anderson, the Governor of Minnesota) to an established league with the gall to inform the NHL that should a merger ever come about the WHA would come as an equal partner or not at all. From the inaugural games on October 11, where the matches were worth noting more for the lack of crowds than for the calibre of hockey, the league by the closing months of the 1972-73 season was averaging 6,000 spectators a game. The Minnesota Fighting Saints appeared to be the best franchise, averaging close to 8,000 a game. So successful were they that in the summer they announced they would bid against Boston Bruins in 1976 for the services of Bobby Orr. His tenure with Boston is up that year, and he would be free to jump leagues providing merger hasn't come about by then.

What blemishes there were didn't frighten, and they looked as if they would clear up in time. The Ottawa Nationals fizzled and they drifted off to become the Toronto Toros. The Philadelphia Blazers were unable to compete

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with the Philadelphia Flyers of the NHL and they moved the franchise to Vancouver, where it probably always should have been anyway The Winnipeg Jets, which should have been the strongest franchise with Bobby Hull coaching and playing weren't And Hull warned that the "tough audience" may soon drive the team to a new city The New York Raiders decided to change their name to the New York Golden Blades, but this was done less to begin again with a new slate than to avoid the natural confusion of fans when they found Madison Square Garden hosted two professional teams, the Raiders and the Rangers

On the balance sheet, more success than failure

The story that explains the drastic change from the drafting of Governor Wendell Anderson in 1972 and the 6,000 spectators in 1973 can be told in two words Bobby Hull And Hull himself breaks down handily into three words talent, greed, ego The first brought him the offer ($2 75 million over 10 years from Winnipeg Jets), the second took it, and the third made sure he didn't cop out (the walking ad agency bloody well played to win) "Hull made all the difference," says Mike Walton

Apart from Hull, there were six other name players landed by the WHA before the league actually got under way Bernie Parent left the Toronto Maple Leafs, J C Tremblay left the Montreal Canadiens, and Boston Bruins gave up Gerry Cheevers, Ted Green, Johnny McKenzie and Derek Sanderson Parent and Sanderson proved embarrassing and won't be there this season, but the others went to stay And there were many more who followed

Back when Eaton's were first setting up Gordie Howe as a front man for their line of sporting equipment, I was working as summer help for the store in a small town that catered to tourists The boys at head office sent up great, clumsy rolls of stickers that blared out APPROVED BY GORDIE HOWE The instructions were simple slap them on anything that has anything at all to do with fresh air or higher pulse rates I thought back to those stickers last June when Gordie flushed away 27 years with the Detroit Red Wing organization, pocketed one million dollars from the Houston Aeros' vaults and left for the WHA to join his sons, Mark and Marty Had I kept one, I could have sent it to Gary Davidson He might have appreciated it

The summer of '73 saw the WHA shed puberty The Chicago Cougars picked up Pat Stapleton, who with Bill White had once given the NHL's Chicago Black Hawks the best defensive unit in hockey Ralph Backstrom followed suit, as did Darryl Maggs Harry Howell, at 40, set his wheelchair for the New York Golden Blades, forsaking the NHL's Los Angeles Kings Jacques Plante, the 44-year-old Merlin behind

continued on page 84



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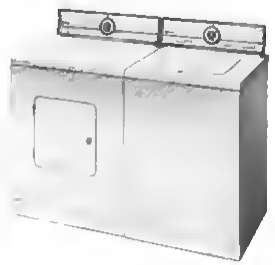
It all began in 1960 when she got her own Maytag Washer and Dryer, says Mrs. Philippe Lavigne, Montreal, Quebec. With 14 in the family, those machines rarely got a day off. Yet they have only needed a few repairs.

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the mask once hailed as the antidote to Boston Bruins goaltending troubles jilted them for Quebec Nordiques, and he convinced Serge Bernier of the LA Kings to join him. Dale Hoganson and Rejean Houle left Montreal Canadiens for Plante's new team, the Nordiques. François Rochon, the number four draft choice of the Toronto Maple Leafs, jumped to Chicago Cougars (Bernie Geoffrion, coach of the NHL's Atlanta Flames, has said Rochon might turn out to be a major surprise as a big league player). Carl Brewer, a literate and calculating defenseman of the past, returned to pro hockey with the Toronto Toros of the WHA, and the Toros also picked up prize rookies Peter Marrin and Pat Hickey. Marc Tardif, when he signed a three-year $350,000 contract with the Los Angeles Sharks of the WHA, proved as did Mike Walton, that even the young and proven talents couldn't be expected to stay with the NHL. At 24, Tardif had already shown he could star for Montreal Canadiens, the very best team in hockey. By summer's end a total of 26 players had now left the NHL for the WHA.

The WHA was also able to get the jump on the NHL when it came to signing brilliant young players old enough to vote and drink but not old enough to play professional hockey in the NHL. In an agreement between the federal government, Canadian Amateur Hockey Association and the NHL that went back to 1967, it became illegal for any team to employ a player under age 20, the last year a player is eligible for junior hockey. The purpose then was to bring an end to the control individual teams were exerting over players too young to decide for themselves (Bobby Orr had been under contract to the Boston Bruins since he was 14). It was also to encourage young players to continue their education, but this was a contention that had been building throughout the early Sixties when under the old six-team NHL a player could count on making only about $10,000 a year, hardly enough to ensure that he'd never need to work again once his playing days had come to an end.

But by the time the WHA came into existence the theory of the 1967 agreement was disputable. Education was not what it had once been. No longer could a good future be guaranteed by a degree, and besides what possible university education could ever guarantee anyone the type of money a top young hockey player could get? So the under-twenties started jumping to the WHA, which had never been a partner to the 1967 agreement. Gordie Howe's sons Mark and Marty led the way, taking a rumored $100,000 a year each to play for Houston Aeros. Tom Edur, like the Howes a Toronto Marlboro, signed with Cleveland Crusaders. Another Marlie, Wayne Dillon, signed with the Toronto Toros. Dennis Sobchuk of Regina Pats signed with a WHA team in Cincinnati, a team that won't even begin to operate until the WHA expands in 1974-75. Blair McDonald of the Cornwall Royals joined the WHA's Alberta Oilers.

The NHL panicked. In August it was announced that the 1967 agreement, which had lapsed in June, would not be renewed, and that the NHL teams themselves would begin to negotiate with players 18 and 19 years of age.

Junior hockey will become a casualty of the total war NHL president Clarence Campbell will wage on the WHA. He talks openly of "financial clout" and he predicts victory in as little as two years. He's working for the warlords of the NHL, the owners — 15 of next year's 18 teams will be American based — who have no desire to see their valued "reserve clause" die. The WHA has no such weapon, and it is for this reason that most players would like to see a merger come about as long as the newly created league banned the reserve clause. But the NHL owners treasure their clause: it forces a player whose contract has expired to renegotiate a new one only with the team that "owns" him. The reserve clause is the owners' means of forcing serfdom on the players, and Clarence is out to see they don't give it up easily.

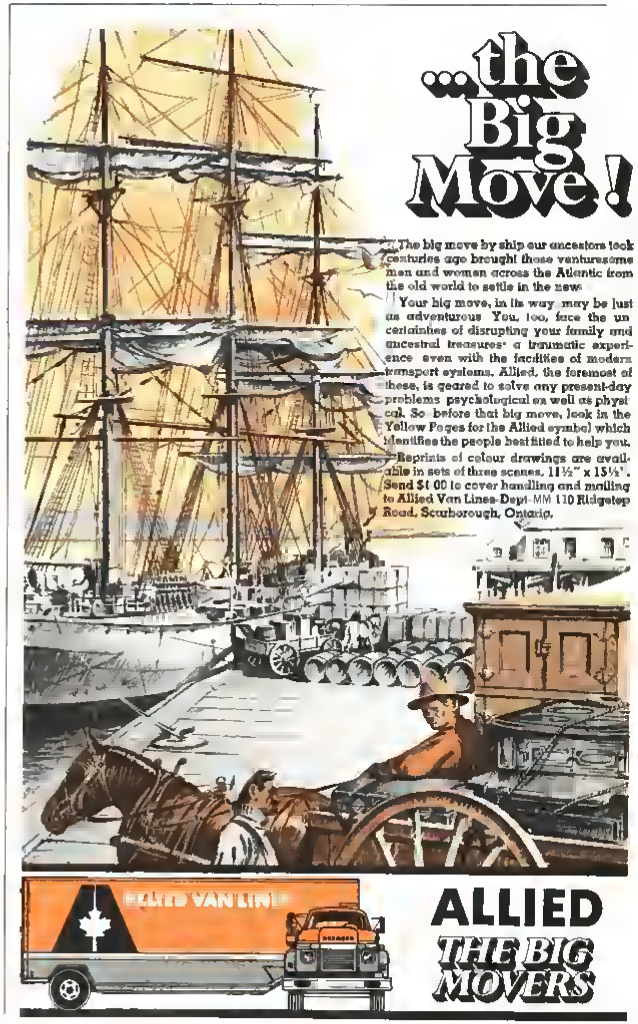
NHL players who left for the WHA, however, didn't do so because they wanted to escape the reserve clause. They did it mostly because the new league quickly became a workable alternative, a lucrative way out for players not happy with playing conditions, money, or both.

The WHA is brash enough to experiment with new concepts. They toyed with the idea of having goals scored in the final two minutes count twice, and at one time bright red pucks were slated for use. Neither came about, but one thing that did succeed was their deliberate approach to creating more balanced teams. Also, they intentionally tried to revive the intangible value of team rivalries by breaking the 12 teams into two groups and setting each team up with a natural rival within its own group. Toronto Toros have Quebec Nordiques, Winnipeg has Edmonton, Chicago and Cleveland, and so on. An extra two games are added to each rivalry so they meet 10 times over the season, other teams within the division they meet eight times, and the teams in the other division are played only six times. It's an attempt to get back to some of the lost fortunes of pre-1967 hockey.

And, it seems, it took the success of the rivalry system in the WHA to get the NHL to convert to a better system. Starting with the 1974-75 season, the time when two new franchises begin in Washington and Kansas City, the league will be rearranged into four sections. Of the then 18 teams, 12 will qualify for the play-offs, and this hopefully will put some of the competition back in the league — competition that has been missing due to the wide disparity between the best teams, which traditionally make the play-offs, and the second-rate teams, which never make the play-offs. It is a desperate attempt to recreate the NHL's golden age of rivalries.

The WHA also incorporated new rules designed to quicken the pace of the game. Nothing more boring exists in hockey than those moments when a team is a man short and continually ices the puck, throwing it down the ice to the other end for a break. In the WHA the teams can't do it *unless* they have first carried it out of their own end past their blue line, making it much more difficult to stall the game. They've also jazzed the game up by allowing a puck shot over two lines to precede a player across the centre ice line and still be in play (in the NHL it is called back as a two-line pass) thus opening up the possibilities for many more breakaways.

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Then there is the overtime rule. When a game ends in a tie it isn't simply recorded in the books, as in the NHL. Instead, the WHA teams play a 10-minute period of sudden death overtime, meaning the first team to score wins. If no one scores, then the game is judged a tie. This has been a delight to the new league. People are staying in their seats longer, the players aren't slacking off in the last few minutes, playing cautiously to preserve a tie, and there are few things more exciting in sports than sudden death hockey. Last season 64 of the scheduled 468 games went into overtime and 45 were settled. The NHL had 87 games last year that ended in ties, and were left that way. The NHL philosophy through the years has been that a tie on the road is as good as a win at home, and the players are settling for less of a game, the fans get stuck with the players' lack of hustle. Ironically, the NHL once employed this rule but gave it up during World War II, when train service was more restrictive and you either made your train or waited a full day. It often seems as if the league stopped thinking ahead in those years, as if all the future held was ample opportunity to reflect upon the past.

Had the NHL used foresight, the WHA might never have come about. The errors of the old league created the opening for a new one, and one's nightmare became the other's dream. The WHA is now a fixture, so much so that many teams in the NHL would be hard pressed to defeat the top WHA teams. "Hell, we could spot the California Golden Seals goals and still beat 'em," boasts Buck Houle, general manager of the Toronto Toros, not the WHA's top team. And Houle claims there are teams in his league that could beat the NHL's New York Islanders, Atlanta Flames, St. Louis Blues and Pittsburgh Penguins any day. All that within one year.

Nevertheless, the NHL remains *the* league several notches above the WHA in terms of talent and prestige. But permanence in entertainment is fleeting. The WHA after one year was as close as predictions had said the league might be after five, *if it survived*. And next year it will be closer. The owners of both leagues are already tiring of paying such phenomenal salaries to athletes (average yearly pay in the NHL is around $44 000 and in the WHA it is thought to be $30 000) and, unless the players' association can use the antitrust laws and court rulings to stop it, there will eventually be a merger. Bobby Hull has already spoken in favor of it, but his reasons are obvious — he's made his bundle and he now works as a front man for the WHA owners. Clarence Campbell says it will never come about, that the NHL will deal the death blow to the WHA before merger is necessary. Mike Walton, entering his first year in the WHA, expects merger to come within two years, and Buck Houle of the Toronto Toros WHA entry says it would be no shock to him if it came about in a year. Ken Dryden, the NHL's prima goaltender prior to his premature "retirement" in September of this year, says merger may come about through Player Power. It'll happen because the players will eventually see that merger would be to their benefit. "The players are looking for a measure of freedom within their league or in respect to other leagues," he says. "Any merger that would provide for that is probably acceptable. The key issue is going to be the absence of the reserve clause."

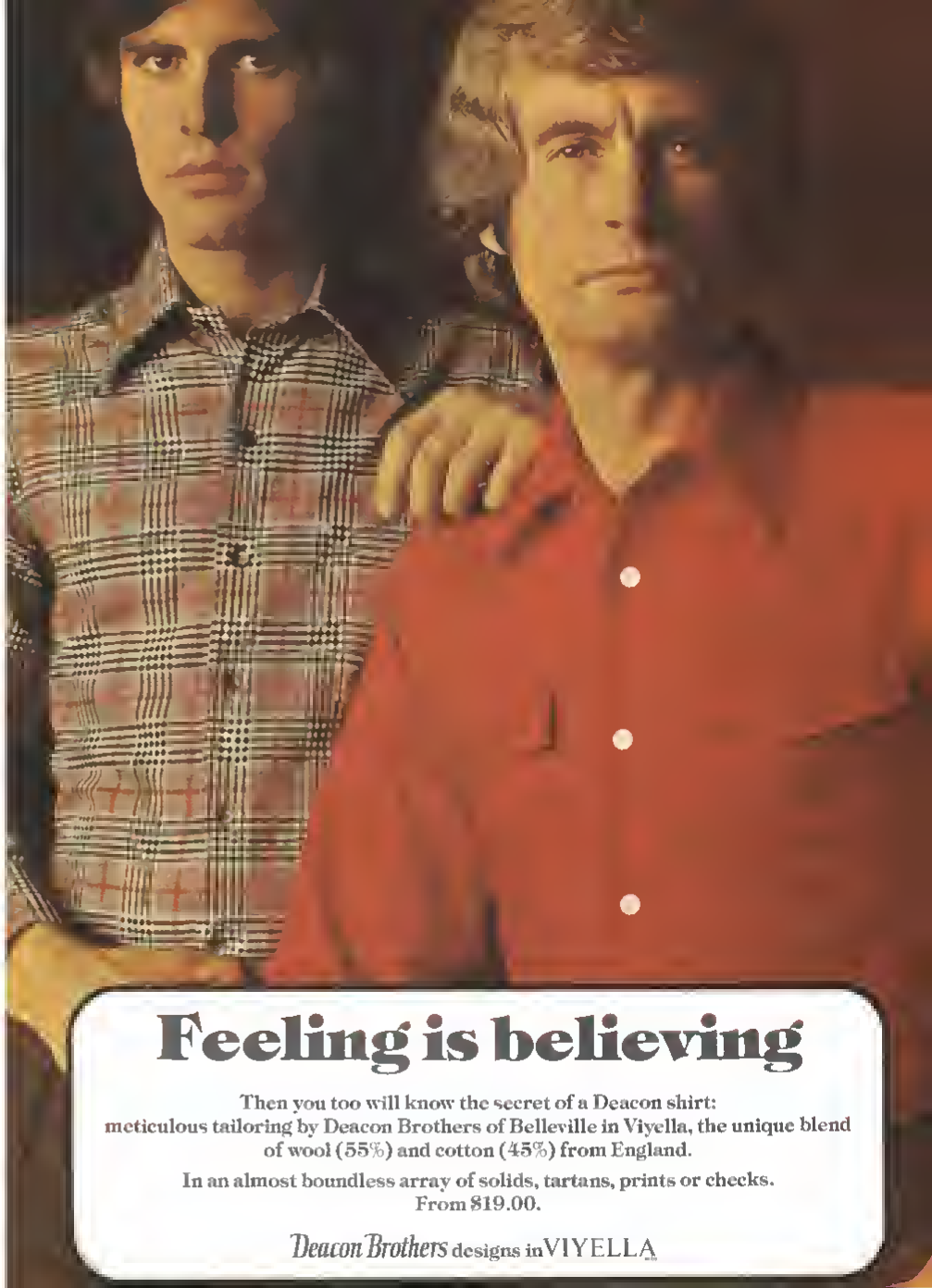
The NHL is *the* league only when stacked up against the WHA. The hockey fan believes *the* league in terms of the game itself has yet to be formed, for neither of the two we now have do the potential of the game justice.

NHL president Clarence Campbell is reported to have once told Ben Hatskin that it would take seven million dollars to bring big league hockey to Winnipeg. The WHA brought it to Hatskin for $25,000. That left a lot of spare change around that could be used blazing a trail north from Chicago, a trail Bobby Hull would be sure of following. It was a trail cleared by the NHL itself. Greed works in mysterious ways.

The years since 1967 have not been kind to hockey. Expansion flopped. The NHL junior draft became the court jester of a falling kingdom. Television copped out. The WHA struck hard, and hurt. The years to come offer no miracle short of merger and a total reappraisal of where hockey's going and how it's going to get there.

The Canadian hockey fan is a die hard, and not about to let the final childhood dream pass on without a struggle. The fan is no fool. He knows that *in the end* the entertainment value of a professional sport answers only to its audience. He's waited seven years now for this answer. And he's getting impatient ■





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THE McCAINS from page 26

1891, raised down the river at Maugerville (pronounced Majorville), arrived in Florenceville in 1916 as a schoolteacher, married Andrew McCain in 1918 when she was 26 and he was 39, gave birth in this very house to all six children, disciplined them for decades, widowed now for 20 years, do-gooder *par excellence,* holder of an honorary doctorate from the University of New Brunswick, real-estate investor, stock-market investor, reader of three financial papers a week, president of McCain Produce, determined driver-around-town of a big cream-and-green Chrysler Custom Newport and, at 82 — with white curly hair, pink cheeks, and eyes that are both fox-bright and spaniel-friendly — quite possibly the most remarkable old lady in the province.

Recently, she walked into a local Manpower office, and asked if she could take a course in estate planning, taxation, insurance and other aspects of farm management. The Manpower officer took one look at her — everyone's vision of the perfect octogenarian Sunday school teacher — and said, "But you're no farmer." She let him know fast that McCain Produce had hundreds upon hundreds of acres in potatoes. "We grow a lot more potatoes," she said, "than a lot of these other fellows who come in here." She made her point. She took the course but refused the payment that normally goes with it. She is, as hundreds of reluctant donors to worthy causes can testify, an extremely hard woman to refuse.

"Mother looks after people's affairs up and down the river," her daughter Eleanor says. "You can't even finish dinner there without people coming to her door. I give her full marks for looking after people's affairs." In his quieter way, her husband was a lot like that himself, not nosy but *caring* about his neighbors' welfare. The Great Depression came to the valley, and Andrew McCain backed potato farmers whom the banks refused to help. Even Tories. People remember him for that.

He was a school trustee in 1916. Laura taught right here on River View Drive and now, if you move just a few hundred yards farther south, you'll see between you and the river the cosy brick schoolhouse that stands on the site of her first teaching job in these parts. Twice since her day, fires have destroyed the schools on that spot, but it is nevertheless a part of the time Andrew courted her and, not only that, all six of her children got all of their grade-school and high-school education at that tiny place, and every one of them went on to university. Not only *that,* about a dozen of her grandchildren have spent time there, too.

It's just little kids who go to the old school now, and it fascinates them to

continued on page 92

How golden is silence?

Very.

Thinking is better in it. Sleeping is better in it.

And as far as music goes, it's really the only way to listen.

So if you have a good ear for music, you probably have a keen ear for silence, too.

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The Dual 701 manual.

And it is quite unlike anything you've ever heard. Or shall we say, not heard.

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Which is either 33⅓ or 45 rpm. You can't get much slower than that.

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Even so, there's more to be said for the 701 than silence.

Its tonearm pivots on a low friction, true four-point gimbal suspension.

Separate anti-skating for conical and elliptical styli assures balanced tracking pressure on groove walls.

An 8% pitch control range is provided for each of the turntable's two speeds.

Engineered for silence as it is, the Dual 701 costs $385.00. A small fortune, yes.

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see an adult stranger tip-toeing around the lobby outside the two little classrooms but, if you look higher than they ever look, you'll see the dusty photographs of earnest teen-aged faces above white collars and thin ties. R. R. and A. H. McCain in a graduating class of eight in 1939; G. Wallace McCain in a graduating class of only three in 1947; G. Wallace again, as right winger of the Florenceville Superior School hockey team in 1946.

And what's this? The principal in the late Thirties was one F. A. McCain. Who's that? Oh, that's Fred, they'll tell you. That's Freddy. He's the Tory MP for Carleton-Charlotte. He's just a forty-second cousin, a Tory you know. We hardly have anything to do with him at all. Still, when the NDP are giving the McCain name a hard time in the hearings on food prices, who's that on the blower from Ottawa to Harrison McCain in Florenceville? Why it's Freddy, and Harrison tells him exactly what he thinks of the hearings, that blankety-blank-blank witch-hunt, and he tells Freddy what he'd like to hear him say about them in the Commons and, as Eleanor McCain is fond of saying, blood really *is* thicker than water after all, isn't it?

If you climb back into the car now and continue even farther south, past Wallace's place, Harrison's place, Bob's place, the houses of six or seven vice-presidents and other senior McCain Foods people, past the snowmobiles and skis, the corrals for ponies and the swimming pools in hibernation, you'll find the last good reason why the McCains belong on River View Drive: A small graveyard. "Yes," the widow McCain says, "my husband's father and mother are buried there, and two sisters, and my husband is buried there." Her own house, her husband's earlier house, the school, the graveyard, the grandeur of her sons' new houses where 13 of her grandchildren have been growing up: they're all packed into a few hundred yards of River View Drive, McCain Lane.

Andrew Sr. has been gone for 20 years now. His portrait holds the place of honor over the fireplace in the widow's living room. His face is stern and pleasant. He never felt the need to strike his children. Wallace says he is harder on his own children than his father ever was on him. "At home," Andrew recalls, "if I got in trouble at school or something, and needed a good tanning, it was mother who would give it to me. I don't think Dad ever laid a hand on me. But you knew. He just had to say one word, and you knew."

It was a pleasant, conventional household of the times and, if the McCains appeared to be as comfortable as anyone else in the little town, they were nowhere near being extravagantly wealthy. The children had their chores to perform, a cow to milk, wood to chop, and chop, and chop. There was always enough to eat and somehow they knew that, one day, each of them would go to university.

Andrew McCain hated travel, and the day he died he was about to set out for South America for the first time. He was 75. (In the older days, the buyers had come to the potatoes. They'd come up from hot Latin American countries to the more austere culture of Florenceville and stay in a wooden hotel that's still standing on the east bank of the river.) "He was a terrific person," Eleanor recalls. "Very quiet. . . . You know, he married late. People thought, My Lord and all those kids! . . . You know how some men who are getting on get all stooped over. Not Dad. I used to say Harrison at 35 became Dad at 75. If you want to know what he looked like, you'll know when you see Harrison."

Harrison, at 46, is fairly short, brisk, bald, quick. His back is straight. His mouth is broad, his eyes canny, his brow strong, his manner supremely confident and so energetic it's disturbing.

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MAC 2

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"Yes," says the widow McCain. "Harrison looks a lot like him but unfortunately he's got his mother's hustle and bustle. He can't keep still for two seconds. My husband was cool and collected, a real Scotsman. He was a clever man, an unassuming man. He could take the ups and downs. He'd be whistling, and he might have lost $50,000 that day. You wouldn't know it."

A "real Scotsman" but in fact the first Florenceville McCains came from County Down, Ireland, about 140 years ago. There were three brothers and a sister. The brothers imported Irish wives a few years after they'd settled and, before 20 years had passed, the three couples had a total of 21 children. The men were scarcely 40 and still going strong.

Andrew Sr. wanted to be a doctor but, during the Boer War, his father suffered a business reverse that wrecked his medical career before it began. Hugh Henderson McCain had ordered from local suppliers gigantic quantities of hay for the British government's use in the war. The war ended, the British no longer needed the hay, and Hugh Henderson McCain owed a fortune. He told Andrew to come home from school in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, and help out in the effort to pay the debts.

It took them 15 years and, a generation later, Andrew Sr. tried to turn son after son after son into doctors. Each one followed his example rather than his advice and became a businessman. The potato country, however, has a long memory, and the name McCain came to mean People Who Pay Their Debts. Andrew McCain Sr. rarely took a drink, did not smoke, did not swear, did not break his word. You could do business with him without writing things down on paper. He was a gambler, potato exporters are *all* gamblers. In the late Forties, he played the stock market, too, and it was there rather than in potatoes that he finally made enough money to leave his six children a modest fortune. He also left them his reputation, his terrific credit.

He was a Baptist. Laura was an Anglican. "It was a joint affair," she recalls. "We'd go to both churches. He would certainly never change, nor would I." This respect for one another's rights and differences may be a source of the McCains' intense clannishness and the public appearance, anyway, of sweet harmony at all times. They avoid openly intruding on one another's business territory. Each one is forever telling you that he's speaking only for himself. The harmony is partly a matter of taste. You don't air family squabbles for the entertainment of the whole countryside.

"Look, I don't know what kind of a novel you're writing," Harrison says with huge good nature. "I mean about this nice, sweet, hardworking family, but I may be no more hardworking than you are, and we may be a lot more irascible than you think." On brotherly relations, Bob says, "Yes, she gets quite vicious at times. Sometimes three of us might gang up on the other one, and so on, but the next day it's as though it never happened." The widow McCain says, "Those boys are very unlike one another and if they feel like telling off any member of the family they will, but don't *you* try it."

The brothers keep their wives in the dark about business matters, and perhaps that in itself contributes to fraternal harmony. In any event, it's a family tradition. Eleanor recalls that, at home, "It was politics, potatoes and the stock market, that's all we talked about." But the sons remember their father told their mother so little about his work that, as Wallace puts it, "He wouldn't even discuss with her what day it was so far as the business was concerned." In the light of her ignorance at the time of his death — she was 61 — her self-generated transformation into the elderly

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TEACHER'S

wheeler-dealer she is today is all the more astonishing.

Politics is another McCain tradition. Andrew Sr. and Laura were a kind of Romeo and Juliet of the potato country. Laura's family, the Perleys, were rock-ribbed Tories. Andrew's father was as Grit as any Grit that ever lived. At one point, Laura's father was on one side of the provincial House and Andrew's on the other. "I can get along just fine with your father," Andrew used to tell Laura, "just as long as we don't talk politics." Which considerably narrowed the range of conversation. Andrew himself had run as a Liberal before he'd met Laura, and lost; and, half a century later, his son Bob tried again ("One more week of it, we'd have won"). The whole district, Eleanor says, has always been full of these really *rank* Tories.

You could keep your religion but politics was something else. Laura Perley, the Tory, became Laura McCain, the Liberal. Her sister Mary, 90, remains a bright and vehement Tory. (Mary lives in Lloydminster, Alberta, and Laura says, "We sashay back and forth. This year it's my turn to go out there.") Eleanor remembers the children used to kid their mother about her inherited politics. You can't trust mother, they'd say. Then, though it's hardly necessary, Eleanor confides, "You know, we're all really big Liberals."

Harrison is as hard-driving, devoted and useful a Trudeau man as you're likely to find anywhere in the Canadian business community. He's married to Marion (Billie) McNair, and Billie's father, John Babbitt McNair, was probably as *big* a big Liberal as there ever was in New Brunswick: a Premier, a Chief Justice, a Lieutenant-Governor. Wallace happens to be married to Margaret Norrie, and she's a daughter of Senator Margaret Norrie of Truro. Senator Norrie, of course, is a Nova Scotia Liberal of considerable stature.

One night in March, Mrs. Norrie phoned long-distance to Wallace's house on River View Drive. Wallace answered. "No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Norrie, your daughter tonight is down to the ballet in Fredericton. Really getting cultural, eh? . . . Listen, I'm going up to hear your favorite boyfriend speak in Toronto on Thursday. . . . What do you mean 'Who'? Pierre!"

By family tradition then, by business instinct, by personal inclination, by affairs of the heart, at least some of the McCains are up to their ears in whatever Maritime Mafia exists on behalf of the federal Liberals. The six sons and daughters of the widow McCain are remarkable for other reasons as well.

Marie, the firstborn, lives in Woodstock, a half-hour's drive down the river, with her husband, a courtly dentist named J. B. Sutherland. Dr. Suther-

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MNOV 1

land was one of the founding directors of McCain Foods Limited, back in the mid-Fifties, and the board still consists of him, Marie's four brothers, and that's all. He is, as well, a good personal friend of the McCains, and shares with Robert a keen interest in the fine art of raising horses for harness-racing. Marie, Robert says, "really holds the family together."

She is the hostess and chief promoter of the annual McCain family reunion and picnic at a cottage on a nearby lake. Marie is a graduate of Mount Allison University in home economics. The Sutherlands have three children — Andrew, Lloyd and Heather — and Woodstock is a fine, shady, old town with many elegant wooden houses.

Marie's smile is quiet, her manner both graceful and timid. This, at least, is how she appears in the presence of a magazine snooper who's asking her all about her brothers. Eleanor, on the other hand, is open, vivacious, funny, talkative, quotable, all zest and instinct to entertain. She is the wife of Patrick Johnson, the British-born headmaster of what used to be one of the snootiest boys' private schools in the country, Upper Canada College in central Toronto. The school's atmosphere is apparently more democratic than it used to be, and Eleanor is enough all by herself to shatter whatever illusions you might harbor about the stuffy wives of headmasters. She remains a girl from the potato-and-lumber country, ever ready for a good bash at the old Legion hall, the nutty vitality of a backwoods election scrap, or a sleigh ride on the hills of home.

Eleanor is particularly close to Harrison and Wallace. She's on the phone to Florenceville every week and, since their business interests bring them to Toronto at least twice a month, she probably sees them almost as often as she would if she were herself living back on the road where she was born. They stay with the Johnsons at the big house on the school campus, and "I always tell them it's the best hotel in town." Eleanor studied commerce and finance at McGill. The Johnsons have two boys, Rick and Derek.

The two young McCain brothers, Harrison and Wallace, run the relatively new and explosively successful group of companies under the umbrella of the food-processing operation, McCain Foods Limited, while the two older brothers, Andrew and Robert, run the traditional family potato-exporting effort, McCain Produce Ltd., as well as a clutch of related companies.

Andrew and Robert are the only McCains of their generation who look quite a bit like one another. They are both bluff, stocky, bespectacled men with thinning dark hair. More than their younger brothers, they have the air of the farmer about them; and, judging from their involvement in community affairs, they are more — well, Florencevillian.

Andrew looks a bit like a former hockey player who's managed to stay in shape during his middle years, and perhaps coaches kid hockey now. He's 51, an Anglican, a thirty-second degree Scottish Rite Mason, an Elk, a Rotarian, a director of the local curling club and the North Carleton Centennial Arena, a member of the Royal Canadian Legion and the Union Club of Saint John, a Boy Scout worker. He eschews River View Drive as a homesite, and lives down by the river in the village.

Andrew had two tries at university more than 30 years ago, one at the University of New Brunswick and another at Acadia. If potatoes can be in anyone's blood, however, they were in Andrew's. University did not take. He came home to the potato business, and "I've been here ever since, altogether about 32 years I guess." Andrew is married to Marjorie Pearson of Hartland, which is down the river a few miles and, in the prolific McCain tradition, they have six children. Allison, Katherine, Linda, Margaret, Stephen, Nancy.

Robert, too, has been active in "just about everything there is going." He's been on the school board, the hospital board, the county council. He made a respectable stab at running federally for the Liberals. He, too, is a distinguished Rotarian, Mason, and curling club luminary; and, a generation ago, he attended University of New Brunswick for three years, and studied medicine at Dalhousie University for two more. "Then," he says, "I was involved in the Army and lost the use of an arm, and didn't go back." Robert attends the United Church. He's married to Rosemary Baird, a doctor's daughter from Saint John. They have four children: Elizabeth, Andrew, Kirk and Mary.

By the mid-Fifties, the two younger McCain brothers were rising stars of the K.C. Irving industrial empire. (All the McCains, incidently, always refer to Irving as *Mister* Irving.) Harrison, before he was 30, was Irving Oil's sales manager for New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island. Wallace, at 23, was already manager of the Irving-owned Thorne's Hardware operation and supervised a sales staff of 16. "Mr. Irving," Harrison says, "is a brilliant operator, a very industrious man." Apparently, something rubbed off on Harrison and Wallace.

Harrison got fidgety in the mid-Fifties. He began to feel he simply had to go into business for himself. He didn't even know *what* business. He knew only that it had to be his own. "Secretly, I guess, I wanted to be the boss." He

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The potato kings up close

There are two main complexes of companies in the McCains' corporate empire and, although all four brothers own pieces of both complexes, it is the two younger ones, Harrison and Wallace, who really run the bigger and newer set of companies. The parent outfit here is McCain Foods Limited, founded in 1957. McCain Foods' physical properties include, first, the shapeless and endlessly expanding mother plant and office headquarters at Florenceville, NB. Its products are frozen potatoes of various cuts, dehydrated potatoes, frozen green vegetables and desserts.

Then there's a much newer potato-processing plant upriver at Grand Falls and, because it is efficient and not the result of constant hasty additions, Harrison is particularly pleased with it. McCain Foods Limited also owns "a couple of thousand head" of beef cattle about six miles below Florenceville for sale to Maritime slaughterhouses.

McCain Foods is probably a $40-million-a-year business all by itself. But it is only half its own story. Under McCain Foods, there are a lot of other companies, and these include Day and Ross Ltd., which has 400 truck-trailers, 14 terminals from Saskatchewan to Newfoundland, and does an annual trucking business of about $15 million; M and D Transport Ltd., which is primarily an east-coast trucking business; Valley Farms Ltd., which owns more than 3,000 acres of prime land for growing green vegetables and potatoes; Thomas Equipment Ltd., which manufactures and markets potato-harvesters and front-end loaders; McCain Fertilizers Ltd., with plants in both Florenceville and Grand Falls; and Carleton Cold Storage Co. Ltd., Florenceville.

Nor does that end the list. There are foreign holdings as well. These include McCain International Ltd., a British company that processes frozen and dehydrated potatoes and frozen peas, and may well be the biggest plant of its kind anywhere outside North America; McCain Australia Pty. Ltd., potato processors at Daylesford, Australia; Favorita BV and Huzo BV, both potato processors in the Netherlands; and McCain Europa BV, a sales and holding company on the Continent. In the spring, it seemed probable the McCains would tidy up the three companies in the Netherlands with some sort of rationalization. There were rumors, too, that McCain Foods was preparing a direct entry into the U.S. potato-processing industry by buying a substantial french-fry plant in Easton, Maine.

Finally, there's McCain Caribbean Ltd., a trading company based in Toronto, and, in Wallace's words "maybe eight other companies I'd just as soon not divulge right now."

At the moment, Harrison McCain is chairman of McCain Foods and Wallace is president but the titles don't seem to matter much to either of them. If you ask Wallace how his and Harrison's titles break down among the dozen-odd lesser companies, he'll say, "Look, I'm not even sure. Either he's president or I am. Look, it doesn't matter. We have these guidelines. He'll take certain companies, I'll take the others."

Generally speaking, this year anyway, Wallace is the McCain who worries most about the domestic companies under McCain Foods (though Harrison concerns himself with Day and Ross, trucking), and Harrison is the one who worries most about the foreign operations (though Wallace concerns himself with McCain Australia). Next year, or next month, they might agree to switch companies entirely.

At the top, at McCain Foods itself, both of them worry full-time. In this case, however, it isn't the managements of subsidiary companies that they each choose to deal with on a daily basis; it's the vice-presidents of the mother company. And so far as the big money is concerned, Wallace says, "Harrison is the financial man all the way. In *all* of them."

Business relations with the older brothers, Andrew and Robert, may be as simple as Andrew says they are. They've been with McCain Produce Limited, the family potato-exporting business, since before their father died in 1953, and, with regard to McCain Foods and his two younger brothers, Andrew says, "I've got money in it, and I'm a director, but I leave them to it. They've got money in this and they're directors but they don't interfere." At various places in both branches of the empire, there is a certain amount of cross-wiring at the directors' levels among the brothers.

The rise of McCain Foods has been so glamorous it has obscured the fact that, in recent years, McCain Produce has become Canada's biggest exporter of seed and table potatoes. Andrew recalls that, 20 years ago, McCain Produce was growing about 300 acres of its own potatoes and buying from farmers who had 25 to 50 acres of potatoes each. Now the company not only grows 1,500 to 1,700 acres of its own, it's also buying from three times as many smaller farmers as it did in '53 and, in addition to that, most of these farmers are now growing at least twice as much as they did before.

Mrs. Andrew McCain, the mother of the four boys, is still the president of the firm her late husband left but, although she is as bright an 82-year-old businesswoman as there is in New Brunswick, she does not take a direct hand in running the business. Bob occasionally chides her good-naturedly, "Now mother, don't you try to tell me. Andrew and I taught you all you know about potatoes." Andrew is vice-president and general manager of McCain Produce. Bob is secretary-treasurer, production manager, shipping boss.

Andrew and Bob also share executive responsibilities in a number of other rather neat operations in Florenceville. One of these is MacBan Equipment Ltd., which happens to be the local Ski-Doo outlet. The McCain empire has put a lot of wages into the local economy and, even though there couldn't be more than 1,000 people in Florenceville, MacBan Equipment manages to sell roughly 100 spanking new snowmobiles *every* winter.

Then there's MacBan Sales Agency Ltd., which may not sound like a farm but happens to own about 150 head of the best dairy cattle in eastern Canada. They're Holsteins. MacBan Sales Agency is also the exclusive agent in the Maritimes for the export of Holstein cattle, and Bob says they export "a couple of thousand head a year." The word "MacBan," incidentally, is short for "McCain Brand." Finally, there's McCain Farms (PEI) Ltd., of which Andrew is president, and it's the McCains' potato-growing outpost over on the island. The McCains try to cover all bases.

Harrison, the financial wizard, is a director of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Andrew has been a member of the executive and long-time board member of the New Brunswick Telephone Co. Ltd. He's also president of Maritime and Gulf Stevedores, Saint John. Robert is a member of the Saint John Port Authority and, for 15 years, he's served the New Brunswick Potato Shippers Association in unpaid capacities. Such positions and ceaseless travel keep the McCains in touch with the outside. When you're running one of the world's biggest and most aggressive food businesses out of a town called Florenceville, keeping in touch can be pretty important. ■

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knew, too, that the Irving organization was treating him so well he'd never do anything on his own till he'd quit his job. He resigned. He took an extension course for investment dealers. He considered the Christmas tree business, the hardware business. Then, Wallace, too, got it into his head that, no matter how well he was doing with the Irvings, he'd rather be doing it for himself, for McCains.

Wallace and Harrison toyed with the idea of buying seats on the Toronto and Montreal stock exchanges. They considered the dry-cleaning business, a bottle works, a department store. "Their father always told them," the widow McCain says, "he told them that if they were any good, they would get out on their own. . . . At his passing, there was some money available, and the four boys threw theirs in. . . . They united. At first, they didn't even know what they were going to do with it."

It was Bob who convinced the others they were crazy not to have a good, hard fling at founding a frozen-potato plant. The four brothers — and the brother-in-law, Jed Sutherland — founded the company in 1957. The family agreed that, while Andrew and Robert would continue to run the old potato exporting business, Harrison and Wallace — who were still in their twenties — would try to get this new food-processing operation off the ground. "The deal was," Robert recalls, "that they'd leave after two years for another business, and then Andrew and I would take over. I like to kid Harrison now. I say, 'Hey, Harrison, when's the two years going to be up?' "

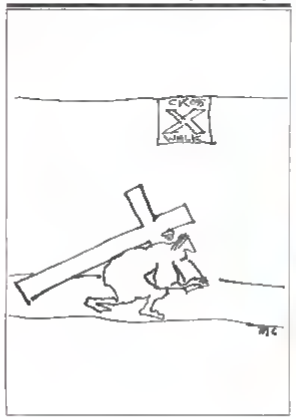
Sixteen years are up and, thanks largely to the brains, energy, quick decisions, terrific sales abilities and free-wheeling, transoceanic, corporate gambling of Harrison and Wallace, McCain Foods Limited is already not only a miracle of the food-processing industry in Canada but something of a hotshot in the international food business as well.

"It was completely a long shot, really," Wallace remembers. "At that time, I think there was only this one small frozen french-fry plant, in Quebec. I think, and it was floundering. . . . We just thought it sounded good. But today? To start a new business you don't know anything about at all? No way! It's easier to buy one. . . . We're buying them all the time."

Wallace is the tallest of the widow McCain's children. (She recalls he used to complain that, since he was also the youngest, his period as the official milker of the family cow went on longer than everyone else's.) He's a lanky, breezy man in his early forties with brown eyes, a lot like his mother's, and a good, rich crop of prematurely grey hair. His style is quieter than Harrison's.

Wallace took premedical courses at Acadia and then switched to science. Assorted hell-raising at Acadia inspired him (and his father) to think he'd be better off at the University of New Brunswick for a while, and he ended up

continued on page 102







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majoring in mathematics and economics at Mount Allison. There's scarcely a Protestant university in the Maritimes at which one or another of the McCain boys has not put in time.

Wallace is an Anglican. Both he and Harrison live by such grueling travel schedules they have little time for local community affairs though Wallace says, "Margie is up to her neck in it." Wallace and Margie have four children: Scott, Michael, Martha and Eleanor.

The Harrison McCains have five: Mark, Ann, Peter, Laura and Gillian. Many of their first cousins are university graduates or undergraduates now, but it's a little early to tell exactly what careers Harrison's kids will pursue. Their grandfather, their McCain uncles, their own father, they all took a crack at medicine for a while. "I studied chemistry at Acadia," Harrison says, "because my dad wanted me to be a doctor. I studied economics because I liked it. A lousy doctor I'd have made."

It's hard to believe Harrison would have been lousy at anything he'd set his mind to doing but, in any event, there is at last a real doctor with McCain blood in his veins. Only he isn't a McCain. He's a Sutherland. He's Marie's second son, Lloyd Robert Sutherland, and this spring he graduated in medicine at McGill.

That might have pleased Andrew McCain Sr. quite a bit. Indeed, if you leave your car for a while and stroll along River View Drive under a high and sunny springtime sky, if you keep company with the far river, respect the fragrance of the grass and consider the timeless birds, it may occur to you that just about everything old Andrew McCain's remarkable offspring have been up to in the 20 years since he died would have pleased him more than he could have brought himself to say. ■



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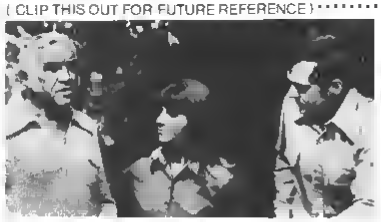
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MISS MODESTY from page 45

Carole says, "that the last thing he could cope with is a woman waiting at home for him to entertain her." While Dr Taylor tends to patients and textbooks, Mrs Taylor spends evenings working on *W5* research, handling her sideline chores as a director of Ontario Place and script reader for a movie production company, and generally hoping the house will look after itself.

When the two take time out for social stuff, it's mostly of a low-key nature, a night at the movies or a small dinner party at home. Next year, though, there won't be time for even those small bows to convention since Dr Taylor is leaving in January for a year of postgrad work in England. Carole, in a choice of career over marriage that might shock some of her fans, is staying at home with *W5*.

Carole's brains and beauty have done even more to advance the Taylor career in the life that the TV public knows best — her role as one of Canada's busiest interviewers of the famous and the talented. *After Four* on CFTO in Toronto came first, the direct result of the Miss Toronto contest, when the show's young producer, Johnny Bassett, son of CTV's board chairman, found himself dazzled by Taylor's winning 17-year-old poise. She put in four years addressing herself to the teen age audience, then graduated to the housewife set in a series of CFTO weekday coffee-and-chat shows, *Toronto Today*, *Topic*, *Women's World* and, the ultimate accolade, *The Carole Taylor Show*.

"For five years, I did two or three interviews a day," she recalls, "and eventually I simply ran out of curiosity because the same stories, even the same people, kept coming back at me again and again. I bet I talked about abortion 30 times. *Boring!* It was maddening."

At that point, in September 1972, *Canada AM* came to Taylor's rescue. CTV conceived of *Canada AM* as a news and interviews program running live across the country from 7 a.m. to 8:30 a.m., five mornings a week. It was a Canadian response to NBC's *Today Show*, and the network invited 150 women to audition for the Barbara Walters spot. Carole won, and when the show arrived on air, she took home extravagantly complimentary personal reviews.

"The way Taylor's going," wrote Jack Miller, the dean of Canada's TV critics, in the Toronto *Star*, "she'll be rated the first lady of Canadian television before long — and she'll deserve it."

The *Canada AM* triumph also brought her, in February 1973, to the attention of Ken Lefolii, then producer of *W5*. That show was gaining in stability and prestige with viewers (its audience averages 1,210,000 per Sunday), but it lacked one element: a woman's touch. "We took on Carole," Lefolii explains,

continued on page 106

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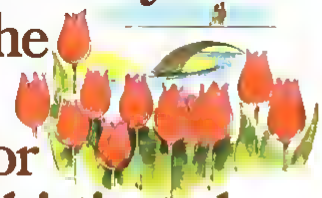
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MISS MODESTY continued

"because at her ripe young age, she's a seasoned professional." And *W5* is in turn offering Taylor the chance for the first time in her career to plan, research direct, film and edit stories as well as handle on-camera interviews.

It's those interviews, conversations with everyone from Pierre Trudeau to Joan Crawford to an Eskimo resident of suburban Inuvik, that have dominated the Taylor career. Taylor knows how to talk to people while a few hundred thousand kibitzers look on, and her views on that difficult craft add up to an absorbing list of TV do's and don'ts.

For example, what happens when you're confronted with an interviewee who doesn't measure up to advance expectations?

The Shy Guest. "What's amazing," Carole says, "is that the person who turns out to be shy is most often from show business. You get a doctor or a lawyer on, someone who's only going to be interviewed once in his life, and he brings a naïveté to the interview. He doesn't know enough to be shy. Then there's someone like Geraldine Chaplin, from a show business family and all the rest of it, and yet she was a textbook of nerves when I interviewed her. Shook like a leaf, one-word answers, the whole bit. All you can do is sort of hand-hold the person through the ordeal."

The Reluctant Guest. "Paul Newman definitely did not want me to interview him. It was early in the morning, he was hungover, he was sick of answering questions about the movie he was promoting, he had nothing new to say to me. What happened? Well, he was a very nice man but the interview bombed."

The Dull Guest. "You can tell from your very first question if you've got a boring interviewee on your hands. You just have this sinking feeling. You're bored, and you know that if you're bored the viewers are going to feel the same way. So you try to pull a few surprises on the guest, hit him with questions he has no reason to expect, stimulate him out of his old boring ways."

Would she care to name a typical Boring Guest? "That's the thing about a dull guest — they fade away and you forget their names and their existence." That's the thing about Carole Taylor — she's ever the diplomat.

The Cagey Guest. "That's Pierre Trudeau. I found him to be so bright, so able to handle anything you sent his way that it was next to impossible to get out of him an answer that he didn't want to give you. With those guests, you hang in there and you trot out every last item of research you've done on the person. Eventually you hope you'll hit gold somewhere."

But is there such a creature as The Perfect Guest?

continued on page 108

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"Most big show business stars qualify as perfect. If they wanted to be temperamental, they could destroy you on camera. But, Paul Newman to the contrary, people like Joan Crawford and Charlton Heston and so on try harder than most other guests to make an interview work. I remember years ago on *After Four* I interviewed Gregory Peck, and I did a lousy job. But he didn't complain. He went out of his way to say how *refreshing* it was. He did everything except pat me on the head."

Carole uses three techniques to smooth along her interviews.

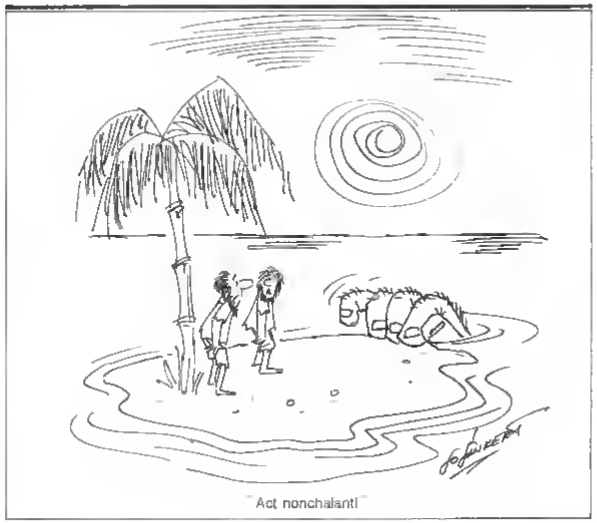
One: "Never talk to your guest before you go on camera. If you do, you may blow the spontaneity of the interview. Or if the guest is the nervous type, you're bound to mess him up. Once I was doing a location interview with a man who worked on an assembly line. He came up to me ahead of time and asked what questions I'd be asking him. I said that I didn't really know, probably something like, how does an assembly line work? So we took our places in front of the cameras, the tape started to roll, and I asked this man 'How long have you been working on this assembly line?' And he answered, 'The way an assembly line works is that....' He'd been so intent on the question he thought I was going to ask that he hadn't heard a word I said. Never talk to guests beforehand."

Two: "Do your homework, the research before the interview. If the guest is the author of a new book, for heaven's sake read the book. I had a writer scheduled for one of my shows, and before he came to us, he was on another big interview show where the host obviously hadn't read the book. In fact, he turned to the poor author and said, 'What's your book about anyway?' Well, the writer was so outraged that he refused to do my show until finally we proved to him that I'd actually read his book."

Three: "Don't run off at the mouth. Viewers aren't much interested in what you think. They want you to act as a catalyst to bring out the guest's views. That doesn't mean you have to be entirely bland. You can register your own views by the questions you ask and the way you react to answers. And you have to bring out the opposite point of view from the one the guest's presenting, but you don't do that by going into a personal harangue not unless you're William Buckley and your own ideas are part of the show. You bring out the other side simply by quoting opposing authorities and challenging the guest."

All of the Taylor preparation doesn't necessarily mean that she can head off potential on-camera disasters. "Like the time I did a live interview on *Canada AM* with Wally Firth, the NDP MP for Northwest Territories. We broke for a commercial part way through, and the makeup man rushed on to the set to put some powder on Wally. Well, when the makeup guy jumped off the set, his foot caught in Wally's microphone cord and he went crashing to the floor taking the mike with him. We came back to air, the makeup man was flattened, Wally had no mike and couldn't be heard, and I had to look into the camera, pad like hell until things were restored and try not to get hysterical. This went on for

continued on page 109



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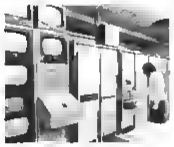
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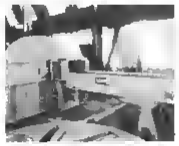
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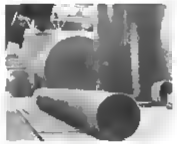
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MISS MODESTY continued

minutes, me babbling away, and I imagine viewers were thinking, what's wrong with this dame anyway? The answer was, plenty.

"If I have a favorite interviewer, I guess it's Mike Wallace. And I do watch all the other interview programs, all the big American ones. There's two reasons why. One, to judge the style of other interviewers. And two, more important, to learn what I can about the people being interviewed. A lot of those people are on an interview circuit and I know that sooner or later they'll be sitting beside me on camera. I like to learn something about their personality in advance – because, after all, I have to adjust *me* to fit *them* — and I like to find out what areas to avoid."

With all of Taylor's experience, she still has one major gripe about the business of interviewing.

"Viewers criticize interviewers when they don't know all the facts behind the actual interview. I'm not talking about personal difficulties. For instance, when I interviewed Trudeau on New Year's Day 1973, I found out about the interview only the day before the taping, and the station's political file had been lost, so I couldn't go over it for research purposes. In fact, the only special preparation I had for the interview was reading a current *Maclean's* article about Trudeau on the plane from Toronto to Ottawa. But those aren't the behind-the-scenes facts I'm talking about.

"What I mean is that the public, watching an interview, doesn't understand that the interviewer may be following the directions of the network or the station in the questions she asks. Before you go on the air, you may be told, okay, this is a personality interview, or this is a hard news thing. And you ask your questions accordingly. Well, afterward viewers are going to be saying, boy, how come they took it so easy on that guy? Or how come they gave him such a rough ride? And they'll write it off as a bad or an unfair job without knowing that the interviewer, the one on the screen, was following orders from people off-screen."

Taylor has a solution to offer for the problem. "I'd like to have an announcement shown on the screen beforehand, something like 'What you are about to see is a hard-news interview.' And then everyone can judge you within those announced limits."

All of which demonstrates just how confident Carole Taylor is of her own on-camera techniques. She may be an "embarrassed" ex-Miss Toronto who launched her TV career in a blaze of "mortifying mistakes," but these days, after 10 years in front of the cameras, she doesn't mind putting herself up for judgment.

Over to you, TV viewers. ■



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Keeping TAB on the American side

The executives of American publishing branch plants have been trying of late to make everyone believe they've always been warm-hearted nationalists vitally interested in the production of Canadian books. In many cases, however, both the history and present reality of these subsidiaries show the exact opposite.

Take, for example, Scholastic-TAB Publications in Richmond Hill, Ontario. This company was selling four million American-manufactured paperbacks each year to Canadian schoolchildren through a system of classroom book clubs in the late 1960s and had real reason to fear awakening Canadian nationalism. The company had operated in Canada from 1957 to 1969 without producing one Canadian book. It was using the Canadian school systems to sell reprints of popular American children's and juvenile books that were often loaded with American ideas and values. And through the Sixties it had grown and grown, making tremendous profits each year, without giving any help to Canadian publishers trying to keep the small, ailing Canadian children's book industry alive. In 1969, the company knew it had to change or face the possibility of government action that might affect its profitable operations in Canada.

Reluctantly, the company embarked on a Canadianization program but it consisted mainly of censoring the monthly advertising bulletins that are received by each child in subscribing schools. Previously all promotional materials for the clubs had been flown up from the States in large photographic sheets, and cut up, reassembled, reprinted and sent out to the schools as a Canadian product. Now the six club editors and artists in Canada undertook a cosmetic operation, chopping out American spelling and replacing it with British. They also removed politically sensitive U.S. titles but left in highly popular and profitable books on American TV stars. To appeal to nationalist teachers and parents who wanted their children to "read Canadian," books by Canadian authors that had been originally published in the United States were imported and featured on the front peges of the club promotion.

A tiny Canadiana program was also initiated, producing one book in 1970, another in 1971, three books in 1972 and three more in the first half of this year. These figures compare with roughly 535 new or reprinted American titles sold each year by the Canadian clubs. Heavily burdened with promotion and administrative tasks, the editors couldn't produce any more books without extra staff. But the New York head office refused to authorize new editorial hiring.

The Americans consistently refused to take the Canadian program seriously. They also refused to sell the best Canadian titles through their U.S. clubs, blocking off a huge, profitable market that would allow the Canadians to make money to finance new Canadian books.

Despite its strong sales in Canada and its obvious appeal for American children, the Americans turned down a beautifully illustrated book called *Hallowe'en Fun* with almost rude dispatch. They rejected another Canadian book, *The Forgotten World Of Uloc*, which had received an unusual, unsolicited recommendation by the American Association of School Librarians. The American editors maintained it was inappropriate for their American clubs.

The Canadian editorial department wanted to reprint the book, *Tikta'liktak, An Eskimo Legend*, by internationally known Canadian author-illustrator James Houston and published by Longman Canada Limited, for both domestic and export sale. One senior editor in New York expressed distaste for Houston's method of illustration. Several months after the *Tikta'liktak* project had been killed, the American editors announced they were going to produce their own reprint of another American-published Houston book, *Ghost Paddle*, suddenly overcoming their earlier dislike for his work. So far, the Americans have never accepted a Canadian-published book for their own clubs.

The Americans still see their foreign subsidiaries primarily as warehouse depots operating to sell the overflow of their own U.S.-manufactured books. This attitude was underscored early this year when the American executives decided to operate their foreign subsidiaries out of a Domestic International Sales Corporation (DISC) in line with a Nixon administration economic policy designed to beef up the manufacturing capacities of American parent companies at the expense of their branch plants in foreign countries.



Editors suddenly liked James Houston's work.

Scholastic's Canadian managing director, William McMaster, supported the American executives' DISC decision in the belief that he could finance future Canadian books out of the American tax subsidies the parent company will receive out of the program. Instead, the Canadian profits are being gobbled up to pay off a Canadian bank mortgage on the company building, to provide employee profit sharing and to help the Americans set up a Japanese branch office.

McMaster was appointed last December as chairman of a new Children's Book Committee of the Canadian Book Publishers' Council to look into the feasibility of setting up an independent Children's Book of the Month Club in Canada. Interestingly, a second objective of his committee is to find out why there is such an unhealthy children's book industry in Canada.

John Ayre is a former editor with Scholastic-TAB Publications.

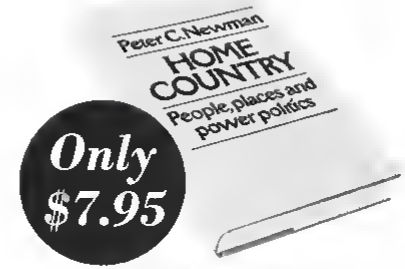
PARADE

All John Hogarth wants is a little time — and about $300,000 a year — to do some long-range independent thinking about Canadian options.

Hogarth is preoccupied with the future because he is tired of the present. At 37, there's no more climbing left on the academic ladder (full professorship in two disciplines), and he's no longer impressed with blackboard theorizing. ("The Canadian intellectual community is suffering hardening of

Peter C. Newman

has written "a book to make you hear, feel, see..."



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Publication of HOME COUNTRY is scheduled for September 30th. The regular price eventually will be $8.95. But by accepting this special introductory offer now, you may reserve your copy of HOME COUNTRY at the special money-saving price of only $7.95. And as an additional bonus, each copy ordered through this announcement will be personally autographed by the author. (See below.)

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Brief Highlights from HOME COUNTRY by Peter C. Newman

"This is not journalism; this is art". Hugh MacLennan in his introduction to "Home Country"



ON PIERRE TRUDEAU: "Trudeau in office has behaved like some abstracted actor whose cool eyes detach themselves from whatever is happening around him, never allowing it to ravage his emotions."



ON JOHN DIEFENBAKER: "Like most self-made men, he worships his creator. He sees himself as a man on his knees in a land of political midgets".



ON JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH: "An unguarded remark by Galbraith can send the Dow Jones average down two dollars; his guarded utterances can send it down five dollars."



ON WILLY BRANDT: "Once, while he was mayor of West Berlin, his eastern counterpart taunted him about the fact that he was born out of wedlock and Brandt shot back: "At least I was born a bastard. You've made yourself into one."

ABOUT HOME COUNTRY: "It is far too much to claim for this book that it's the chronicle of a time. But it is the chronicle of a political education, my own. And what I've learned is not to believe in magical leaders any more, that character and compassion are more important than ideology, and that even if it's absurd to think you can change things, it's even more absurd to think that it's foolish and unimportant to try."

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PETER C. NEWMAN is the Editor of Maclean's Magazine. He first gained a national following when he succeeded Blair Fraser as Ottawa Editor of the Magazine in the late Fifties. Later he became a syndicated political columnist for The Toronto Daily Star and thirty other papers with a readership of 2.5 million. He left Ottawa in 1966 to become editor-in-chief of The Toronto Star. He has won the National Newspaper Award for distinguished reporting, The Wilderness Award for the CBC documentary and was co-author of the prize-winning Tenth Decade television series. Peter Newman's writing style has been described as "a mixture of ground glass and turkish delight."

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the arteries"). Of late, he's become infatuated with the success of neighborhood action groups ("I too want to get a grip on change itself") and feels there's room now for a people movement at a national level, in the form of a think tank. Its success, he feels, depends on its not degenerating into an elitist Shangri-la, and he figures his major qualification for running a tank is that "I'm no guru."

The chance for Hogarth to run a think tank is the gift of Simon Fraser University in British Columbia. They had him design their new Institute of Public Policy Analysis and then begged him to apply for the directorship of it — taking him despite the fact that on his application he listed 25 reasons why it might fail.

If it works, the Institute will be independent, operating on $300,000 a year, hopefully. Each year one topic will be selected — the first will be Growth and Technology — and Hogarth will invite participants from industry, universities and the public to hie themselves to BC and beat Growth and Technology into submission. For one year exactly. Think! Talk! Digest! Report! Drop! and on to next year's subject.

Hogarth's own plans are to stay for five years only, and then leave regardless of what promise the Institute shows. He refuses even to speculate what might be in store for this new Canadian think tank.

"The institute's finest moment," he says, "will be the evening before it actually gets under way."

SPORT/JOHN CRAIG

Our Olympic hopes are alive —in Texas

Two accents stood out this fall when coach Cleburne Price assembled his new track and field squad on the athletic grid of the University of Texas. One was a Longhorn drawl, naturally, but the other was clipped and a trifle more harsh. Canadian.

There are seven Canadians on the Texas team, including the incumbent Southwest Conference mile champion, two members of the fastest two-mile relay team in America and a fine young shot-putter. Multiply that seven by 10 and it gives a fairly accurate estimate of how many Canadians are involved in track and field in the U.S.

In Canada their names would ring no bells. But this is a country never much taken by track and field stars anyway, isolated exceptions being made for Bruce Kidd and Bill Crothers in their heydays. Canada just doesn't train winners (the last Olympic gold medal we won in track and field was in 1932, when Duncan McNaughton captured the high jump). The United States does. And so you can't blame these 70 or so athletes for having emigrated to where they'll be assured of the best training, competition and facilities — and perhaps even a little recognition in the sports pages, something they never got at home. They know that if they can cut it in track and field in the U.S. they can cut it anywhere. Cutting it in Canada just isn't as rewarding.

Nor are the scholarships. Over a four-year university career they mean as much as $15,000 to the individual, some colleges — Texas State, for example — even throw in $10 a month for *laundry*, presuming there'll be a lot of sweat to bleach out. A Canadian runner, discus thrower, shot putter or pole vaulter isn't going to need long to opt for the promise of recognition and financial reward over the prospect of staying home and putting himself through college, all the while suffering inferior facilities, training and competition.

And even if he were desperately nationalistic and decided to go after one of the few athletic grants the federal government does offer, he'd be sadly disappointed. Only a very, very few of these grants are earmarked for track and field — and those invariably go to a handful of already established stars such as polevaulter Bruce Simpson or long-distance runner Grant McLaren.

Last year, Paul Craig — who happens to be my son *and* the current Canadian 1,500-metre champion — wrote to Ottawa to inquire about the possibilities of a scholarship and was turned down flat. Sorry, the reply read, but why not try us again when you've achieved international recognition? Since the place to do that is in the U.S.," *our recommendation is that you accept an American scholarship.*"

So my son Paul went south and joined his brother John (the Canadian junior 800-metre champion in 1972) at the University of Texas, where they'll train under coach Price. They've dropped from sight, they're American college lettermen now, just like shot-putter Bishop Dolegiewicz (originally from Toronto), sprinter Albin Dukowski (Vancouver), distancemen Louis Groarke (Calgary) and Brian Maxwell (Toronto), javelin-thrower Rick Dowswell (Sarnia), triple-jumper Jim Buchanan (Toronto) and several dozen others.

They're Canadian unknowns, heroes in a strange land. They think about Canada a lot, it's still home, and even if they never had the chance to make it big back there the next few years might change all that. In fact some of them even have a slogan, a kind of in-group clarion call, "Run For '76." It refers to the upcoming world Olympics in Montreal. That summer, they're convinced, Canada will enjoy the best Olympic showing since the vintage year 1928, the days of the great Percy Williams.

It may not be idle thinking. They're young enough today to be in their prime when 1976 comes around. And when you add their abilities to those of the female athletes who stayed home (few American schools actively recruit female athletes), Canada may finally climb out of the track and field boondocks. The women have proven talent in Ottawa's Glenda Reiser (1,500 metres), Calgary's Ann Mackie (400 metres), Toronto's Abby Hoffman (800 Metres), and Mississauga's Debbie Van Kiekebelt (pentathlon). There's a hint of gold, silver and bronze in the air.

There's also that odd mystique to the Olympics that has traditionally given the host country an extra step, a couple of added inches, maybe a few spare seconds. It happened in Italy in 1960, Tokyo in 1964, Mexico in 1968, and West Germany in 1972. And if our national anthem starts getting played after 1976's track and field events, the Canadian sports fan is going to have a lot of unfamiliar names to catch up on.



Our track and field stars all go south.

John Craig is the author of The Pro and several other novels

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TV/HEATHER ROBERTSON

TV's fall fare: tears, tantrums and toilet jokes

It started about half-way through the first episode of *The Waltons*, at the place where the old lady describes her wedding on board the immigrant ship when all the boats in the harbor blew their whistles in celebration. The tears came streaming down my cheeks. "You idiot," I swore. "Get a grip on yourself. This is ridiculous." I snuffled along shamefacedly through the rest of the show, kicking myself, and finally broke down again during the deathbed scene. I had a good little cry through the closing credits and commercials and I felt terrific.

The simple story of a poor farm family in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia during the Depression, *The Waltons* (CBC — Sunday, 7:30 p.m.) last year won six Emmys and was hailed as the best show on TV by the University of California, which plans to start a library of *Waltons* films and memorabilia. "It's easy to get wrapped up with the Waltons," said the *New York Post*. "They happen to be real." Real? Is that how the Depression really was, full of happy loving country folk in starchy new overalls without a mend or a rent who live in a big colonial house and drive a truck and buy lobster dinners for widows in town? The Waltons are about as real as Tom Sawyer, which is why they are such a stunning popular success, and why I cried. *The Waltons* is a fairy tale, a romantic dream of a golden age when America, like John-Boy, was young and pure and beautiful. It's nostalgic and sentimental, a yearning for roots and tradition and history, for a plain, pastoral life when everybody worked hard and knew right from wrong. For Canadians *The Waltons* does not have the same evocative power (I have to fight off memories of *Jalna*) but it is a beautiful show, calm and slow and quiet, with epic music and unabashed emotion, an island of peace in the squabble. It has an authentic feeling and it's full of classic American characters — Mom and Gramps and the Girl Friend. John-Boy is a young Senator Sam Ervin, a son of the soil wrestling with those moral confrontations out of which Twain and Melville and Faulkner fashioned the American Dream. *The Waltons* is an honest, sensitive attempt to deal with the past and to recapture the innocent belief that life is not about money but about happiness.



Mo and Pa Walton: warm, sensitive and unreal

It seems that whenever an empire becomes cruel and corrupt it becomes sentimental, searching for an emotional release it no longer genuinely feels. Victorian England wept buckets over the death of Little Nell; America watches *The Waltons*. Tears are cheap this winter on TV. *Maude* (CBC — Thursday, 7:30 p.m.) has lost her cool. She screams and rants and pulls her hair, Walter has turned into a cartoon drunk, lost and redeemed in two maudlin episodes. Reeking of fake passion and social diseases, *Maude* is stuck in the emotional glue she so brilliantly scorned last year. Even *The Rookies* (CTV — Monday, 8 p.m.) go around with trembling chins trying to rescue their buddy from a maniac with a brain tumor. They kill crooks in particularly bloody and gruesome ways but golly gee they feel bad about it. Everybody blubbers. This kind of cynical melodrama doesn't make me cry, it makes me sick. There's not much in the new comedy shows to relieve the blues, except blue humor.

■ *Lotsa Luck* (CBC—Monday, 7:30 p.m.) I never thought I'd see a whole television program about a toilet, but I did. Dom DeLuise's sister Olive gets her foot stuck in it, a good excuse for a solid half hour of sniggering bathroom jokes. A kitchen sink comedy of lewd winks and nods and sly references to impotence, nakedness and fornication delivered in a bellowing whine by people dressed only in their bathrobes, *Lotsa Luck* is the most vulgar show I've ever seen.

● *Diana* (CTV — Monday, 7:30 p.m.) A high-class boudoir show where people wear towels instead of bathrobes and are filmed together in bed or making passes at one another. Nothing ever happens, of course, but there's a lot of drinking and Playboy rib-pokings about keys to Diana's apartment. The show is a disaster for Diana Rigg, the sexy and mysterious star of *The Avengers*.

■ *Adam's Rib* (CTV — Monday, 9 p.m.). A radical chi-chi domestic comedy about two lawyers who are also husband and wife. It attempts to capitalize on women's lib in a brittle, glib way which is dated and silly. The pair spend a lot of time winking and waving at each other in court and the script is full of fatuous twitterings which ruin the show's credibility and spoil a clever, vivacious performance by Blythe Danner as the Rib.

■ *Delilah* (CBC — Thursday 9 p.m.) I never thought I'd see a whole show about a sink, but I did. The sink starred in the first episode of the CBC's plunge into situation comedy, *Delilah*, a show about a lady barber which is another one of those painfully strained CBC dramas weighted down with lines delivered like bowling balls and a cast which performs with the relentless earnestness of windup dolls. It's going to be a while before the CBC can match the crudity, pace or wit of American comedy. Maybe they could try something simpler. How about the story of a poor Saskatchewan family during the Depression?

THIS MONTH'S TV SHOWS

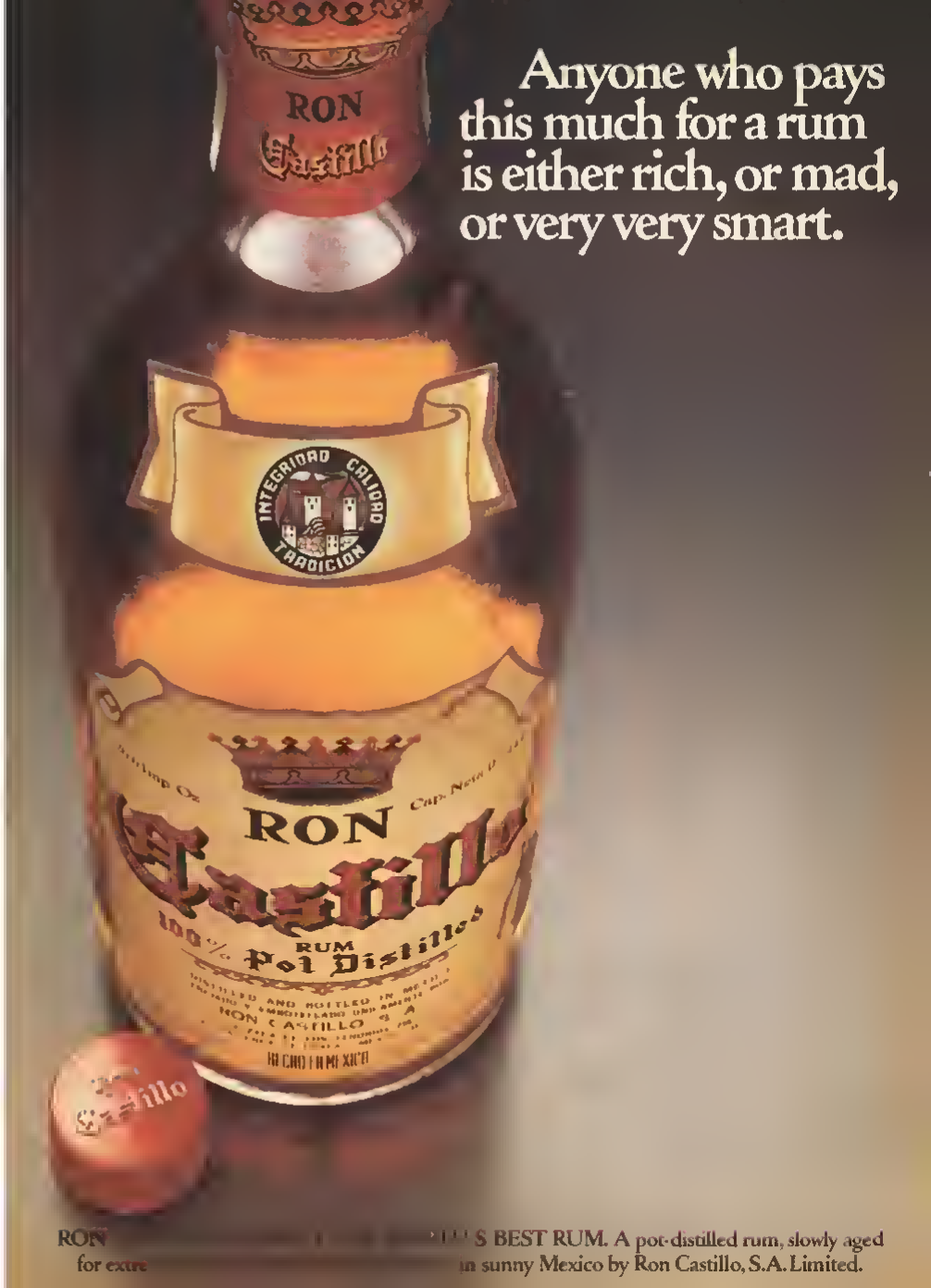
Watch: Mary Tyler Moore (CBC — Tuesday, 8 p.m.).
Watch for: The Days Before Yesterday (CBC—Sunday, Nov. 4, 10 p.m.). Musicamera (CBC—Wednesday, Nov. 28, 9 p.m.).

FILMS/JOHN HOFSESS

Wasted stars in a world of kinky sex

The Pyx, directed by Harvey Hart from a novel by John Buell, is about black masses, child prostitutes, heroin addicts, kinky sex and ritual murders, set in Montreal. It's the last that's the real shocker.

Canadian films have often been boozy and horny (making them more melancholy than lively, however) but they have been slow to admit, and ex-



ploit, the latest fashions in vices. In *The Pyx* anything goes and almost everything goes too far. To other than avid readers of *Flash*, *Tab* and *National Enquirer*, people accustomed to peering at life's flotsam through the grates of a clogged sewer, *The Pyx* won't seem credibly set in Canada at all.

For all its giddy sensationalism, the film displays no knowledge of criminology. To director Hart, sin is purely cinematic. When Elizabeth Lucy, the most beautiful hooker and heroin addict you'll ever see (portrayed by Karen Black) has a "bit," she drifts off dreamily and conjures up an idyllic equestrian interlude — sweet music, soft-focus photography, as she and her lover race through the verdant countryside, in their spotless riding habits ("So *that's* why they call it *horse*," you can be forgiven for thinking.) The film is not always so glamorously fake, but it is relentlessly facile. It is lightly likable as a boo-in-the-night horror story, providing a few good squirms and screams for the squeamish, but it cannot be respected.

Christopher Plummer (looking dapper, fit and surprisingly youthful) is pleasantly miscast as a police officer (he plays it like a statesman, a perfectly multilingual, elegant gentleman forbearing the sordidness of other people's messy lives) while Donald Pilon, the husky star of many Québécois films, is Plummer's workmate, wholly believable as a lower-class roughneck. *The Pyx* is slick entertainment. It has moments that are first-rate and it makes you care about its characters, but then it settles too readily for shoot-em-up action instead of concentrating on psychological aspects. It has a nervous, flashy style, a needlessly complicated flashback structure and underneath the razzle-dazzle—nothing. The actors (whenever the script gives them a break) give the film whatever weight it has. René Verzier's photography and Harry Freedman's music (sounding spookily like his *Act Of The Heart* score played on a moog and electronically distorted) are great assets here, giving the film some subtle touches to keep it from being altogether insensitive. A fundamental error is that the production company didn't make John Buell's third novel *The Shrewsdale Exit* (1972) into a film (a far better and more timely story, and one affording Christopher Plummer a great chance to act). *The Pyx* was Buell's first novel, published in 1959, and the film version now seems unoriginal.

John Hofsess is a Canadian film director and critic.



Karen Black: the most beautiful hooker ever.

Technically the film is proficient, but what's it *for*?

Shpstream is David Acomba's first feature film. He's the 29-year-old television producer who created the CBC specials *Straight, Clean And Simple* with Anne Murray, and *Mariposa Folk Festival*, among others. He has always had a superb visual sense, and *Shpstream*, photographed by Marc Champion, near Lethbridge, Alberta, has landscapes that are a knockout. No Canadian film maker, even after all the years of National Film Board laboring, has ever caught the poetry of the land so well. I would like to say to hell with the story, but there *is* a story that naggingly insists on being told. The screenplay is by Bill Fruet (who wrote and directed *Wedding In White*). It was written years ago and Fruet has had no contact with the production. Mike Mallard, a counter-culture disc jockey whose fans are legion, broadcasts from a remote farmhouse in Alberta, far from the world of kickbacks, bribes and corruption. Also, I gather, though the film doesn't say so, far from the world of trendy rock stars, drugs and groupies. Mallard has a manager who looks like the prince of payola. He descends from time to time with a new batch of records, and they argue bitterly about integrity in the music industry. Mallard's privacy has also been invaded by a girl named Kathy, who, among other things, wants to clean up his kitchen and put curtains on his windows. Some nights, when Mallard is moody, he doesn't broadcast at all. One night in a crashing thunderstorm he does a Ben Franklin act, running about outside waving his microphone in the air, defying the thunderbolts. The acting by Luka Askew and Patti Oatman is good (the supporting cast, which we mercifully don't see often, is dreadful); they, at least, find the problems inherent in starting a relationship of great import, whereas I found them touchingly, earnestly *young* and went back to looking at the scenery, or listening to Brian Ahern's great musical score. *Shpstream*, for all its faults, is the beginning of something big. David Acomba's career as a film maker is going to be a joy to watch.

The American Film Theatre series, beginning October 29 and running through to May 7, 1974, in 23 major cities and towns throughout Canada, is likely to be one of the best buys of the upcoming season. There are eight films, sold by subscription ($28 for evening performances, $20 for matinees), which include: *A Delicate Balance*, starring Katharine Hepburn, Kate Reid, Paul Scofield; *Rhinoceros*, starring Karen Black, Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder; *Three Sisters*, starring Alan Bates, Laurence Olivier; *Luther*, with Stacy Keach and Hugh Griffith; *The Homecoming*, with Cyril Cusack and Michael Jayston; *The Iceman Cometh*, with Lee Marvin, Frederic March and the late Robert Ryan; *Lost In The Stars* with Brock Peters, and *Butley* with Alan Bates and Jessica Tandy. Each film is shown on a Monday or Tuesday, four performances only. Directors of the films include Harold Pinter, Laurence Olivier, Tony Richardson and John Frankenheimer.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

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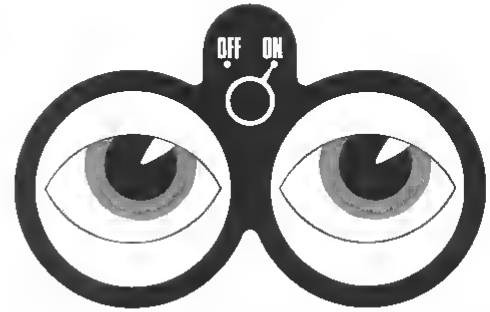
BETWEEN FRIENDS: Don Shebib's new film is even better than his prize-winning Going Down The Road.

FICTION/STEPHEN SCOBIE

A wise Indian's reservations

"We have been given Earth and Buffalo, who needs more to breathe than air?" The words are those of Big Bear, the Cree Indian chief whose tribe fought, along with Poundmaker's, on the side of Louis Riel in the rebellion of 1885. The words are also those of Rudy Wiebe, whose novel *The Temptations Of Big Bear* (McClelland and Stewart, $8.95) is a major event of Canadian publishing this fall.

Wiebe's novel is epic in scope and achievement. It tells the story of Big



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Bear of his refusals to sign treaties and accept reservations, of his final hunts as the buffalo, and with it his people's way of life, disappear, of the futile violence of the Frog Lake massacre, the indecisive battle of Frenchman Butte, of the grandeur of his religion, of his character, above all of his speech

It is a remarkable achievement in that it seems to speak to us from right inside the Indian experience Obviously, a tremendous amount of research has gone into this novel, but it is never pedantic rather, it conveys the Indian way of life and world view in such a way that the reader accepts it as natural, and as fully understandable Wiebe's own deeply religious sensibility extends beyond the Christianity of his previous novels to embrace the Cree beliefs, and to present them with deep sympathy

The novel, however, encompasses various different narrative voices — from Big Bear's own magnificent oratory to the thoroughly jaundiced account of a private in the army sent to pursue him — and evolves into an intricate mosaic of both white and Indian societies Wiebe describes the book as a "meditation upon the past" and in the fullest sense, this is what it is an experience of a past age and a past culture, which goes far beyond the mere narrative (brilliant though that is) to become a profound reflection on the human estate And it is not just the world of the Crees that is passing the implications for our own culture are clearly present. Earth, air and buffalo all are in danger, all disappear in the face of forces we can scarcely comprehend Wiebe writes an elegy for the death of a culture, the Plains Indians who hunted the buffalo as the gift of Only One, but it could just as easily be our own

The Temptations Of Big Bear is a great novel, one of the best, perhaps, ever to be written in Canada In trying to comprehend an incident of central and continuing importance to Canadian history, it is certainly an ambitious undertaking but it is almost totally successful in fulfilling these ambitions.

The theme of the extinction of Indian culture is also taken up in Peter Such's *Riverrun* (Clarke, Irwin, $5.95), which deals with the last days of the Beothuks in Newfoundland in the early 19th century It is quite a short novel, and consists basically of three brief but vivid sketches of the last remaining Beothuks as they are hunted down by their enemies Next



Rudy Wiebe's novel has a message for us all.

to Wiebe's novel it stands like a lyric poem beside an epic; but given this difference in scale, *Riverrun* is a very accomplished book The title's reference to James Joyce is perhaps unnecessary, introducing a dimension that doesn't fully belong to the book, but its conclusion is even more poignant than Wiebe's, because it is more final Shawnadithit, the girl who is the sole survivor of her tribe, reflects, "Soon I alone will be left to carry the burden of the People's presence in the People's forests What shall I say when the trees and water ask me? Where have you lost them, Shawnadithit? Where have you lost your People?"

The fate of the Indian on a reservation is one of the central subjects of *The Vanishing Point* (Macmillan, $9.95), the long-awaited new novel by W O Mitchell, author of the classic *Who Has Seen The Wind?* Its hero is Carlyle Sinclair, a reservation agent in southwest Alberta, and the story centres on his search for a missing Indian girl, Victoria Rider, whom he regards, in grossly sentimental terms, as the main justification of his job, even of his life The mood switches rather uneasily between passages of Mitchell's wild and often bawdy humor (which do not work nearly as well on the page as they do when Mitchell, a born raconteur, is telling them in person) and more serious, reflective episodes about the frustrations of reservation life and Carlyle's increasing sense of his own futility and despair The controlling image is that of the vanishing point, at which all things are sucked away into nothingness, but, since Mitchell is essentially a comic writer, it is also the point at which parallel lines *do* meet Thus, the book works toward a resolution of reconciliation and self-knowledge rather than one of despair. If this ending is not entirely convincing, it may be partly because of the modern reader's resistance to the happy ending, but it is also because Mitchell has never fully convinced us of the depth of his characters

Indians, of one sort or another, also make a brief appearance in Leo Simpson's *The Peacock Papers* (Macmillan, $6.95), undoubtedly the funniest novel of the season This is a wild, freewheeling, farcical romp, which gaily encompasses such diverse topics as a lost tribe of Canadian Indians descended from the writers of the Dead Sea scrolls, a hilarious parody of Marshall McLuhan, and the potentially disastrous effects of novels about Jewish mothers. The world also ends, quite close to the beginning of the novel, but nobody notices except one angel who is very sad because he really enjoyed the Hamilton Tiger-Cats The Peacock in question is Thomas Love Peacock, a minor 19th-century novelist, who turns up in present-day Ontario and contributes one chapter to the novel — written by Simpson in a lovingly detailed recreation of Peacock's style Finally, it is impossible to consider worthless any novel which contains the word floccinaucinihilipilification.*

Richard Wright's *In The Middle Of A Life* (Macmillan $7.95) portrays a rather dull character doing rather dull things in the middle of a rather dull life Predictably, the result is a rather dull book, since Wright's style is unable to transcend the situations. Most of the incidents are fairly predictable, and the frequent flashbacks are very clumsily introduced The book may be a sensitive and sympathetic portrait of a very ordinary man, and one would like to argue that fiction doesn't need to be about exceptional characters all the time, but the novelist still needs more going for him than there is here

Jack Ludwig's *A Woman Of Her Age* (McClelland and Stewart, $7.95) is a sequel to the author's very popular short story of the same name It centres on Doba Goffman, a rich Jewish widow, an old-time radical living in Westmount — with all the contradictions that these terms imply. The novel, like Doba herself, is full of energy and life but, also like Doba, it never really gets anywhere It is a lateral expansion of the short story, filling out detailed sketches of all the characters who are barely mentioned in the original, but providing very little in the way of action or forward movement This curious sense of tremendous energy caught in an unproductive stasis may be just right for the central character, but at times it threatens to become too frustrating

*The action or habit of estimating as worthless.

Stephen Scobie teaches English at the University of Alberta



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for the reader of Ludwig's novel.

Marian Engel's *Monodromos* (Anansi, $7.95) is a very fine, quiet, understated account of a Canadian woman spending a year on Cyprus. It is very much a mood piece, with detailed evocations of the scenery, the people, the feeling of the small town's society, the drifting existence of the resident foreigners. Although some fairly startling things happen (several adulteries and abductions, a homosexual affair and two deaths, one of them a gruesome suicide), the mood remains calm, and these events are absorbed into the texture of the story, which moves effortlessly toward an appropriately inconclusive ending.

NON-FICTION/NORMAN WARD

Bright writing marred by naïve thought

Walter Stewart's *Divide And Con* (new press, $8.95) is a mixture of excellent reporting on flaws in the electoral system, and naïve assumptions on which he bases simplistic solutions. His commentary on Canada's politicians is generally cynical, he has discovered nothing new about the way elections can produce wide gaps between the votes and seats won by each party, but concludes that it leads to a "dangerous disarray."

Stewart's remedy is a variant of proportional representation. After seeming to establish that the present system makes the parties so similar that it hardly matters how we vote, the book assumes that a vote for a losing candidate is "thrown away." But since it hardly matters what constituency a member sits for anyway, we can adjust matters by counting the votes so that in any one province a candidate can lose but still get into parliament, or win and not. Well, the book is brightly written.

So is Heather Robertson's *Grass Roots* (James Lewis & Samuel, $10) which bears down on five prairie centres. The inhabitants of Moose Jaw, Bienfait and Biggar, Saskatchewan, and Miami and Winkler, Manitoba, are unlikely to become Robertson fans, for she does not rejoice in them. Her approach is pathological, and she is a sweeping generalizer. She reports that "everybody" drinks in Biggar, for example, in a passage following a reference to a choir of little girls.

Nonetheless her pictures are vivid and, when she relies on her own observations, fairly accurate, they tend to be misleading for what they omit. There is no room on Robertson's prairie for a Mitchell or a McCourt; she views a vast panorama through peepholes, and is particularly weak on its history, where she can be absurd. Still, it's enjoyable, a city dweller's honest (and sometimes unconsciously condescending) impressions of the country cousins.

No doubt unintentionally, *Grass Roots* suggests that the West is alone in its problems, but three other books make the West look pretty fortunate. In *K C Irving Portrait Of An Industrialist* (McClelland and Stewart, $8.95), Russell Hunt and Robert Campbell, working from public records on selected case studies, and handicapped by Irving's secretiveness, give a fascinating account of a kind of businessman whose enterprise, they claim, "history is clearly against." Noting that the law "affords nearly impenetrable cover for corporate activity," they trace Irving's acquisition of assorted New Brunswick industrial bric-a-brac so complex that one union of seamen from six boats, seeking certification, had trouble establishing who their employers were.

A man that talented is plainly worth attention, and the authors are not muckrakers. They've produced a cool appraisal of an entrepreneur with a fantastic flair for maintaining his personal influence on his possessions. He was lucky, and what he did may not have been in anybody's interest but his own, but he did it so well that he is likened to an artist who cannot explain why he creates. Irving as artist is an "astonishingly rewarding" analogy, and it sounds so right that his biographers have trouble explaining why he abandoned it all.

Norman Bethune saw *himself* as an artist, and Roderick Stewart's new biography of Canada's best-known revolutionary reads like a portrait of somebody from the Left Bank. His *Bethune* (new press, $10), has to follow the same route as Allen and Gordon's *The Scalpel, The Sword*, but Stewart, unlike Ted Allen, did not know Bethune, has no obvious ideological commitments, and has had to work from documents and interviews. He seems to have had access to more letters (there are some odd discrepancies in documents common to both books) and the sheer power of Bethune's character comes through unmistakably. Betimes unstable, improvident, prickly, friendly, Bethune is shown moving about with enviable energy, always ahead of something. "He needed to perform and be praised for great deeds, and he wanted his performances applauded." He performed on stages few of his peers would even look at and his current canonization, whatever the motives, is made understandable.

Ann Charney of *Dobryd* (new press, $6.95) is her own artist, and her Dobryd was a Polish town occupied in turn by Nazis and Russians. It is not clear whether she intends her memoir to be taken as autobiography or as an evocation, through an autobiographical novel, of her impressions of her childhood. "From then on," she writes of one episode, "I fully accepted and practised dissimulation and illusion." If *Dobryd* is autobiographical, Charney was a precocious youngster even if she did, on two separate occasions, remember her mother relinquishing a different "last memento" of her father.

It doesn't matter. The child of *Dobryd* is one of the generation that survived the forces that sent Bethune to Spain and China, and her family chose to come to the Canada of Walter Stewart, Heather Robertson and K. C. Irving. Her book is a *tour de force*, a tale told with great skill and with a simplicity that inevitably recalls Anne Frank. The theme is familiar enough: the affluent Jewish family harassed into hiding, with subsequent rescue and migration. The young Dobrydian lived in a monstrous world, and spent half of her first five years in a barn loft, but "I grew up with the impression that mine had been a happy childhood." The miracle of the book is that Charney makes that convincing, not as an adult rationalizing away half-remembered horrors, but seeing her child's world as it appeared to the child.



Ann Charney's happiness in a monstrous world

Norman Ward is an author, humorist and professor of political science at the University of Saskatchewan



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